

From Fraser's Magazine.

BLACKKEY AT SCHOOL.

Who is Blackey? When England was interested in redeeming the African race from the slave-trade, Blackey was a negro. The African interest has passed by; in truer language, we have for the present done our work in that direction, and the brown native of India has succeeded to the vacant honors and emoluments. For the term Blackey carries both with it. We English are worked upon by titles: the obscure clergyman of yesterday is the bishop of to-day—what a revolution takes place in our thoughts concerning that man: our stupid, uninteresting neighbor gets elected for a borough;—he is stupid still, but uninteresting no longer. We have already in these pages pleaded for the influence which lies in the generic term of "Jack," and we now venture to assert in all soberness that a noteworthy change was effected in the relation of Europe to Asia when the phrase of "poor Blackey" took the place of its equally inaccurate and far more malignant predecessor, "those damned niggers."

Poor Blackey, then, is no other than the olive-skinned native of Hindostan, towards whom English public opinion has passed from the conquering contemptuous into the ruling patronizing phase.

We know something about Pandits, we know something about Moollahs, we know something of Brahmins; something of Sepoys, something of many kinds of adult Blackey; but perhaps our living knowledge of the Indian people will be somewhat quickened if we can catch a glance of little Blackey all alive, not seen through archaeological or historical spectacles, trotting to school and learning his lessons.

In the first place, it is not to be supposed that Shâm Singh waited for us (the English) to teach him to send his son to school. It is one of the great puzzles which so baffle English reformers in India, that, do what they will, they find themselves anticipated to an extent sufficient to deprive them of the credit awarded to discoverers, not sufficient to make them or their efforts intelligible. We talk

to Dêwi Pershâd of schools: why, bless our innocence! Dêwi Pershâd knows all about schools, and his ancestors were attending a famed seminary still flourishing at Benâres, centuries before Eton was heard of. We have not to teach a new phraseology; we find it all ready to our hand in two languages. The forgotten history of Hindu priests and Mahomedan mulvis speaks to us in the technical terms which spring up so soon as we begin to talk of education. All the technicalities of school phraseology are found; nay, you shall go further, and ascertain and record on paper that every district of India contains five hundred schools, more or less; and yet the English began in 1855 to introduce education into India as a new measure. And as usual the English are right. Eton, Harrow, Rugby, and Winchester have leavened the governing body in India. The governing body, with a practical sense worthy of those four great academies, comes to the conclusion that the Arabic and Sanskrit languages may contain a mine of educational history in their educational phrases; that there may be in every ten miles a thing called a school, but that, nevertheless, the people of India are very, uneducated.

What John Bull means by uneducated, is an ignorance of reading, writing, and arithmetic; it is precisely this ignorance which he finds existing, and which he sets to work to cure in India.

So during the last two years an expensive educational machinery has been set on foot throughout the Peninsula. It is not our business now to describe it; but it may be briefly set down thus: In every Presidency an officer is appointed to control public instruction. The people are rated for their education, and the theory is, that instruction is brought home to the door of every subject. He is not obliged to have it, as in Prussia; but he is not obliged to go without it, as in England. The result is that a very great many hundreds of schools have been opened, which are regularly visited by inspectors. Deliberately waiving all discussions on moot theories of education, we propose to set

before our readers a faithful picture of an Indian Government school under inspection—in other words, Blackey at school.

Some of us have seen schools inspected in England. We know what the school was like. That solid, comfortable building, that well-furnished interior, those cheap, but excellent maps; shall we add, that boarded floor? Perhaps it is better to omit that item in the description, as we believe it trenches on questionable ground; in fact, on the great problem of flagged *versus* boarded floors which has puzzled Her Majesty's Privy Council for several years past, and has, we understand, been recently decided (without an appeal to Parliament) in favor of flags. We know what the boys are like: some so bright, others so dull; some wicked boys so attractive, some good boys so repulsive in appearance; all given more or less to sniffing and coughing, and other nervous indications; all, with a few exceptions, whom we misdoubt as monstrous, hating school hours with a gracious unanimity. We know what the inspector is like. This is treading on delicate ground; but we hasten to right ourselves by asserting at once that we know him for the most part as a well-bred, intelligent, accomplished, highly-educated English gentleman, and if there is higher praise to be given to any man, it must be given by those who know it. He travels to the school in a first-class carriage, and he travels away in a first-class carriage. He is carefully dressed, for he is staying at the Rectory; he is rather in a hurry to get away, for he is engaged to dine at Long's with a party of Balliol men.

We know what the inspection is like. There is the brilliant boy, whom the acute inspector detects at once, and pronounces all his answers right, and judges the other boys by his standard. There is the pertinacious boy, whom the inspector curses in his heart; who wants to know wherein that sum (which the pertinacious boy has worked out by some eccentric anti-regulation process) was essentially wrong. There is the rustic blunderer, who knows his geography lesson by heart, and when asked where he himself was born, replies confidently, "Please sir, in sin."

We know what the concluding conversation is like. The teacher bows to the inspector, the inspector bows to the teacher; the ladies from the Rectory express their

delight, the inspector expresses his satisfaction that the ladies from the Rectory should be delighted; a practical conversation between the rector and the inspector closes the proceedings; Her Majesty's Privy Council is notified that another inspection has been accomplished; and the inspector, having done his duty at the school in the morning like a man, keeps his appointment at Long's in the evening like an Oxonian.

It so happens that we also know what an Indian school is like. Throughout a green, dust-sprinkled plain, which is India, rise at intervals, under the shade of favoring trees, knots of mud houses, having a castellated appearance, which are villages. That large village with half-a-dozen brick houses in it, is the centre of a cluster: there is a Government school there.

Let us enter the village; push by that cow; knock aside that donkey; never mind that dunghill; don't look at that woman who pretends to be veiled; if she is modest you dishonor her, if impudent you dishonor yourself; return the salaam of that old greybeard, he is the head man of the place; now get off your horse, for there is no riding down this narrow lane; walk carefully with one foot on either side of the open drain which bisects it; pray heaven that the stench may annoy you only—not smite with cholera; then listen; what shrill clamor grows louder as we advance? louder still as we turn out of this narrow ill-drained stinking lane into one just twice as narrow, twice as ill-drained, and twice as stinking—deafening as we bow our heads to enter this tumbledown mud court-yard with a recess in one corner to be used as a room in rainy weather? It is the united outpouring of the lungs of seventy little brown lads, averaging ten years old, swinging their little bodies (such straight backs and fat bellies!) as if they were pulling in an University crew, and shouting in discordant tones at the top of their voice unmeaning sounds. This is the Government school.

The inspector enters; all the boys rise, put their right hand to their forehead, and shout "Salaam, sahib!" The teacher, an olive-complexioned man with smooth, shining black hair, with a curling mustache, with a bristling beard, with a white robe buttoned on the left-hand side, comes forward, and makes the nearest approach to Eastern pros-

tation which his Western superior will allow. The English inspector returns the salute of the boys, and disposes of that of the teacher with an action rather than a word; the action implying partly, "I am very much obliged to you for your civility," partly, "Stand up; I also am a man." The salutations are over; business commences. Let us adopt the dramatic notation, and endeavor thus to exhibit what follows:

Inspector.—"Mūlviji, let me see the register of attendance."

Karim Caksh, teacher of the school.—"Sahib, it is here."

Inspector.—"I see you have an hundred boys in daily attendance; that is very good."

Teacher.—"This number is entirely to be attributed to your good fortune and your personal excellence."

Inspector.—"I shall now call over the names. No boy is to speak whose name is not called. Let each boy as he is called, answer 'Here!'"

Omnes.—"Yes, sir, 'Here.'"

Inspector.—"Silence!—no boy to speak whose name is not called."

Omnes, each to his neighbor.—"You are not to speak till your name is called."

Inspector.—"Silence."

The first five boys answer to their names; the sixth is absent.

Inspector calls his name.—"Shir Singh!"

Several voices.—"Shir Singh is ill."

Inspector.—"Silence. Did I not tell you that only the boy whose name was called is to speak? If a boy is absent, let me know it by his silence. Nobody is to answer for him. I shall begin again."

Inspector calls over the first five names with the same success as formerly. He approaches that rubicon, Shir Singh. "Now, take care, no one is to answer;—Shir Singh!"

Small Boy.—"Shir Singh is ill."

Inspector.—"Who said that?"

Omnes.—"Please sir, Ramlall."

Inspector reads Ramlall a serious lecture. He impresses the duty of silence, and emphatically demands that no boy shall speak till he is spoken to. Before he has finished, the two neighbors of the culprit turn round and enforce the inspector's remarks by desiring Ramlall to hold his tongue. "Why does he interrupt when the sahib is speaking?" *Inspector* turns round to the fresh interruptors, and upbraids them,—“Yes,

but you are committing the same fault; why do you talk without orders? All are to be quiet till they are told to speak."

Chorus of many voices, each boy addressing his neighbor.—“Be quiet, why do you speak without orders?"

Inspector despairs. He struggles through the roll-call as he may, and feels that he is met at the outset by the first great Asiatic difficulty—incontinence of speech.

He desires the first class to be called up. He inquires the caste and profession of each boy. The profession of the son is that of the father. The castes are proclaimed:—that boy is a Brahmin, that is a Shaikh; this gentleman is a Sayud; this is a slave; and "Oh, you Boota (son of a prostitute), come here!" At the name of Boota several lads start up; it is as common a name as Smith; but at the specification all the other Bootas sit down, and the son of the prostitute, in no way injured in his own estimation or that of others by the appellation, walks up to join the class. The name is not in the last intended or felt as an insult. It is simply a fact that he is the son of a prostitute, and so he is called. Other boys have their caste and trade—this is his. "And what for no?" is the unexpressed native addition, which points the whole transaction with a deep moral signification.

The first class is now assembled. The *Inspector* addresses himself to the gentleman Sayud at the top of the class. A Sayud is the Brahmin of Mahomedans, and the teacher, who is but a Shaikh, would blush to put the "Sayud Sahib" elsewhere than at the top of the school. Well, what has the Sayud been learning? He has read that wonderful book of Shaikh Sāddi's, the *Gulistān*, which has well deserved to be in itself the literature, almost the religion of a nation: he knows all the curious turns of expression; he knows all the verbal conceits; but he has missed, and so indeed has his teacher and his teacher's teacher, the Solomon-like wisdom which lies concealed in those epigrammatic tales. He has read the account of Alexander, not that he has any idea who Alexander was, but he knows the book by heart, and it is tolerably hard Persian. He has read no less than six complete letter-writers; and if the inspector will only listen, he will recite fourteen couplets composed by himself, in which the inspector's honored

name is introduced in fourteen different modes, and associated with fourteen different compliments, each one more elaborate than the other. The permission is given, the youth recites; both he and the teacher feel persuaded that the limit of education is reached.

For his part the inspector was at Eton. He remembers that for at least a century the end of English education was Latin elegiacs. He feels too that the elegiac theory had something to say for itself; that a lad must have passed through an immense amount of mental discipline and culture before he could produce a good copy of Latin verses; and transferring these things to other climes and tongues, he looks with much respect on the author of *Anagrams*. But he is a man of business, and his business is conducted on the utilitarian or anti-elegiac theory. He faintly applauds the Persian recitative, and then inquires with some abruptness, how far the young poet has advanced in arithmetic?

The teacher's face loses all the expression of enthusiasm and assumes that of anxiety: "Arithmetic? did the Sahib say arithmetic? that it is indeed an excellent science, and several boys have made great progress in it: there is for instance the Banneau Chùm lall;" here the inspector recalls the teacher to the subject in hand—viz.: the arithmetical acquirements of Sayud Safdar ali. "Well, he has only just got the books, or he would have long since exhausted that science; as it is, however, he has not advanced far; if the sahib will give him a sum in simple addition he shall see what he shall see." We regret to add that the simple addition sum is too much for Sayud Safdar ali.

Far too little, however, for the small Hindu, Chùm lall, who sits next him, son of the grain-seller, who performs in five seconds an amount of mental arithmetic which the inspector feels at once was not included in curriculum which he himself travelled through at Trinity College, Cambridge; and the same bright-eyed little boy has every river, town, and mountain of Europe and Asia at his finger's ends, but at the same time cannot for the life of him be induced to acknowledge that there can be any east side to a map save that which for the time being lies in the direction of the rising sun.

But Chùm lall is by the side of Safdar ali,

a finished scholar. The two are class fellows, but each reads what he pleases without reference to the other. The inspector impresses on the teacher the folly of this: "I told you to make classes."

Teacher.—"And they are made, thanks to your good fortune."

Inspector.—"Yes, you have made them in name, but not in fact. You present these six boys as belonging to one class, but every one of them is reading a different book: there is no use in such classes."

Teacher.—"Your good fortune is great, and your remark is incontrovertible. But what should this wretch do? Safdar ali is a Sayud, and the son of the head police-officer. He declines to read any thing but Persian, considering his native tongue to be but a mean language."

Inspector.—"But I don't want him to read Hindustani for the sake of the language, but to learn science through his own language—the only one he really understands. O Múlv! there is other science besides language."

Teacher.—"Your slave continually makes that remark to Safdar ali; but he prefers Persian, and what can I do? Sobha Singh, again, will not learn arithmetic, because he says he knows it quite well already, but by a different method; and the Pandit father of Ganga Ram has forbidden his son to learn geography, because the Government is pleased to order that the earth shall go round the sun. I tell the Pandit that such is the command of Government, but he declares that it is against his religion to believe it; indeed, these Hindus are very impudent men."

Inspector (assuming the Anglo-Saxon).—"Well, Múlviji, look here. This is a list of the books to be taught in each class of this school for the next six months. If Ganga Ram does not like geography, he must go. If Sobha Singh doesn't like the arithmetic, he must go. You know very well, and these boys know very well, that Government does not wish to interfere with their religion. But this is a Government school. The boys need not come; but if they do they must learn, not what they please, but what you please."

Teacher (astonished to hear his office so magnified).—"On my eyes, be it!"

Inspector.—"Yes; and you, again, must teach, not what you please, but what I tell you."

Teacher (stroking his beard doubtfully).—"Your good fortune is great, and whatever you order, it is the privilege of this slave to perform."

Inspector (rising to the Anglo-Saxon *ne plus ultra*).—"And if at my next visit these orders are not obeyed, I shall reduce your salary."

Teacher (with manifest earnestness).—"On my head, be it!"

The inspector then rises to depart. Fifty little boys rush up to him, and scream that he has not yet heard them read any thing. The officer, thus appealed to, stops, laughs, pats the head of the nearest urchin, and tells them in the lump to read away. Down they go on their little beam-ends, nod their little heads, wag their little stomachs, and recite in that shrill, melancholy monotone which has been inseparably associated with deep learning in this place for years and centuries, long before Bell and Lancaster had taught the English to concoct schemes of national education. The inspector is an Anglo-Saxon in essentials, and insists on the *utile*, as he understands it; but he is too sensible a man, we hope, not to allow the little lads the *dulce*, as they understand it—not to bow his head to a harmless national tradition.

Once more he prepares to depart, when a boy of sixteen years old starts forward and says he has a petition to make. What is it? "Why, petitioner has heard that a deputy-inspectorship worth £120 a-year is vacant, and he wishes to fill the place."

Inspector.—"Does petitioner know that he is an ignorant schoolboy learning the A

B C of science, and that for these appointments men of high standing and great attainments are selected?"

"Indeed, petitioner did know this; but the rumor of his Excellency's generosity was so widely spread, that he had been tempted to ask. If the deputy-inspectorship cannot be had, perhaps petitioner may be bold to apply for the place of personal attendant to the said deputy-inspector, on a salary of £5 a-year, which place he understands is also vacant. It is all the same to petitioner, who is a very poor boy and wishes to fill his belly."

The inspector mildly admonishes petitioner to be a good lad and learn his lessons. The first petition was not meant to be impudent. It was a kind of understood introduction to the real request; the principle is that well-known one which induces the Oxford undergraduate, fearful of a pluck, to go up for a first. Moreover every native conscientiously believes himself as well qualified as his neighbor for every post. And he is wonderfully in the right in so thinking.

With a final salaam from all the boys, the inspector departs. He comes again in six months. Safdar Ali is enamored of his native language, Sobha Singh ciphers like a Christian, Ganga Ram laughs to scorn the idea of the sun going round the earth; the calling over is orderly, the classes are well defined; much remains to be done, no less than to compass all knowledge; but a great step has been taken; the Indian village school and Eton College are different enough still in degree, but are no longer absolutely distinct in kind; Blackey is at school, and Whitey has got the teaching of him; it is the latter's fault if he fail to improve the situation.

DEVONSHIRE ANTI-CROMWELLIAN SONG.—Upwards of thirty years ago, the following loyal effusion was commonly sung by old nurses, and others of the humbler classes, in the West of England. They adapted it to the music of the chimes; or rather, the singers used to say that it was what the chimes expressed:

"I'll bore a hole in Crummel's nose,
And therein putt a string,
And laid 'en up and down the teown,
For murdering Charles our King."

I should be glad to know what are its claims to antiquity? and whether there are any more verses?—*Notes and Queries*.

"VINUM THEOLOGICUM."—Why was the best wine formerly made in England so called?

[It was so named, says Holinshed, "because it was had from the clergy and religious men, unto whose houses many of the laity would often send for bottles filled with the same, being sure that they would neither drinke nor be served of the worst, or such as was any waies mingled or breued by the vintner; nay, the merchant would have thought that his soul should have gone straightway to the devil, if he should have served them with other than the best."—*Description of England*, vol. i. p. 167, edit. 1587.]—*Notes and Queries*.

PART IV.—CHAPTER XIV.

"Yes, Maynard," said Sir Christopher, chatting with Mr. Gilfil in the library, "it really is a remarkable thing that I never in my life laid a plan, and failed to carry it out. I lay my plans well, and I never swerve from them—that's it. A strong will is the only magic. And next to striking out one's plans, the pleasantest thing in the world is to see them well accomplished. This year, now will be the happiest of my life, all but the year '53, when I came into possession of the Manor, and married Henrietta. The last touch is given to the old house; Anthony's marriage—the thing I had nearest my heart—it settled to my satisfaction; and by-and-by you will be buying a little wedding-ring for Tina's finger. Don't shake your head in that forlorn way;—when I make prophecies, they generally come to pass. But there's a quarter after twelve striking. I must be riding to the High Ash to meet Markham about felling some timber. My old oaks will have to groan for this wedding, but—"

The door burst open, and Caterina, ghostly and panting, her eyes distended with terror, rushed in, threw her arms round Sir Christopher's neck, and gasping out—"Anthony . . . the Rookery . . . dead . . . in the Rookery," fell fainting on the floor.

In a moment Sir Christopher was out of the room, and Mr. Gilfil was bending to raise Caterina in his arms. As he lifted her from the ground he felt something hard and heavy in her pocket. What could it be? The weight of it would be enough to hurt her as she lay. He carried her to the sofa, put his hand in her pocket, and drew forth the dagger.

Maynard shuddered. Did she mean to kill herself, then, or . . . or, . . . a horrible suspicion forced itself upon him. "Dead—in the Rookery." He hated himself for the thought that prompted him to draw the dagger from its sheath. No! there was no trace of blood, and he was ready to kiss the good steel for its innocence. He thrust the weapon into his own pocket; he would restore it as soon as possible to its well-known place in the gallery. Yet why had Caterina taken this dagger? What was it that had happened in the Rookery? Was it only a delirious vision of hers?

He was afraid to ring—afraid to summon

any one to Caterina's assistance. What might she not say when she awoke from this fainting fit? She might be raving. He could not leave her, and yet he felt as if he were guilty for not following Sir Christopher to see what was the truth. It took but a moment to think and feel all this, but that moment seemed such a long agony to him, that he began to reproach himself for letting it pass without seeking some means of reviving Caterina. Happily the decanter of water on Sir Christopher's table was untouched. He would at least try the effect of throwing that water over her. She might revive without his needing to call any one else.

Meanwhile Sir Christopher was hurrying at his utmost speed towards the Rookery; his face, so lately bright and confident, now agitated by a vague dread. The deep alarmed bark, of Rupert, who ran by his side, had struck the ear of Mr. Bates, then on his way homeward, as something unwonted, and, hastening in the direction of the sound, he met the baronet just as he was approaching the entrance of the Rookery. Sir Christopher's look was enough. Mr. Bates said nothing, but hurried along by his side, while Rupert dashed forward among the dead leaves with his nose to the ground. They had scarcely lost sight of him a minute, when a change in the tone of his bark told them that he had found something, and in another instant he was leaping back over one of the large planted mounds. They turned aside to ascend the mound, Rupert leading them; the tumultuous cawing of the rooks, the very rustling of the leaves, as their feet plunged among them, falling like an evil omen on the baronet's ear.

They have reached the summit of the mound, and have begun to descend. Sir Christopher sees something purple down on the path below among the yellow leaves. Rupert is already beside it, but Sir Christopher cannot move faster. A tremor has taken hold of the firm limbs. Rupert comes back and licks the trembling hand, as if to say "Courage!" and then is down again sniffing the body. Yes, it is a body . . . Anthony's body. There is the white hand with its diamond ring clutching the dark leaves. His eyes are half open, but do not heed the gleam of sunlight that darts itself directly on them from between the boughs.

Still he might only have fainted; it might

only be a fit. Sir Christopher knelt down, unfastened the cravat, unfastened the waistcoat, and laid his hand on the heart. It might be syncope; it might not—it could not be death. No! that thought must be kept far off.

"Go, Bates, get help; we'll carry him to your cottage. Send some one to the house to tell Mr. Gilfil and Warren. Bid them send off for Doctor Hart, and break it to my lady and Miss Assher that Anthony is ill."

Mr. Bates hastened away, and the baronet was left alone kneeling beside the body. The young and supple limbs, the rounded cheeks, the delicate ripe lips, the smooth white hands, were lying cold and rigid; and the aged face was bending over them in silent anguish; the aged deep-veined hands were seeking with tremulous inquiring touches for some symptoms that life was not irrevocably gone.

Rupert was there too, waiting and watching; licking first the dead and then the living hands; then running off on Mr. Bates's track as if he would follow and hasten his return, but in a moment turning back again, unable to quit the scene of his master's sorrow.

CHAPTER XV.

It is a wonderful moment, the first time we stand by one who has fainted, and witness the fresh birth of consciousness spreading itself over the blank features, like the rising sunlight on the alpine summits that lay ghastly and dead under the leaden twilight. A slight shudder, and the frost-bound eyes recover their liquid light; for an instant they show the inward semi-consciousness of an infant's; then, with a little start, they open wider and begin to look; the present is visible, but only as a strange writing, and the interpreter Memory is not yet there.

Mr. Gilfil felt a trembling joy as this change passed over Caterina's face. He bent over her, rubbing her chill hands, and looking at her with tender pity as her dark eyes opened on him wonderingly. He thought there might be some wine in the dining-room close by. He left the room, and Caterina's eyes turned towards the window—towards Sir Christopher's chair. *There* was the link at which the chain of consciousness had snapped, and the events of the morning were beginning to recur dimly like a half-remembered dream, when May-

nard returned with some wine. He raised her and she drank it; but still she was silent, seeming lost in the attempt to recover the past, when the door opened, and Mr. Warren appeared with looks that announced terrible tidings. Mr. Gilfil, dreading lest he should tell them in Caterina's presence, hurried towards him with his finger on his lips, and drew him away into the dining-room on the opposite side of the passage.

Caterina, revived by the stimulant, was now recovering the full consciousness of the scene in the Rookery. Anthony was lying there dead; she had left him to tell Sir Christopher; she must go and see what they were doing with him; perhaps he was not really dead—only in a trance; people did fall into trances sometimes. While Mr. Gilfil was telling Warren how it would be best to break the news to Lady Cheverel and Miss Assher, anxious himself to return to Caterina, the poor child had made her way feebly to the great entrance-door, which stood open. Her strength increased as she moved and breathed the fresh air, and with every increase of strength came increased vividness of emotion, increased yearning to be where her thought was—in the Rookery with Anthony. She walked more and more swiftly, and at last, gathering the artificial strength of passionate excitement, began to run.

But soon she hears the tread of heavy steps, and under the yellow shade near the wooden bridge, she sees men slowly carrying something. Now she is face to face with them. Anthony is no longer in the Rookery; they are carrying him stretched on a door, and there behind him is Sir Christopher, with the firmly-set mouth, the deathly paleness, and the concentrated expression of suffering in the eye, which mark the suppressed grief of the strong man. The sight of this face, on which Caterina had never before beheld the signs of anguish, caused a rush of new feeling which for the moment submerged all the rest. She went gently up to him, put her little hand in his and walked in silence by his side. Sir Christopher could not tell her to leave him, and so she went on with that sad procession to Mr. Bates' cottage in the Mosslands, and sat there in silence, waiting and watching to know if Anthony was really dead.

She had not yet missed the dagger from her pocket; she had not yet even thought of it. At the sight of Anthony lying dead, her nature had rebounded from its new bias of resentment and hatred to the old sweet habit of love. The earliest and the longest has still the mastery over us; and the only past that linked itself with those glazed unconscious eyes, was the past when they beamed on her with tenderness. She forgot the interval of wrong and jealousy and hatred—all his cruelty, and all her thoughts of revenge—as the exile forgets the stormy passage that lay between home and happiness, and the dreary land in which he finds himself desolate.

CHAPTER XVI.

BEFORE night all hope was gone. Dr. Hart had said it was death; Anthony's body had been carried to the house, and every one there knew the calamity that had fallen on them.

Caterina had been questioned by Dr. Hart, and had answered briefly that she found Anthony lying in the Rookery. That she should have been walking there just at that time was not a coincidence to raise conjectures in any one besides Mr. Gilfil. Except in answering this question, she had not broken her silence. She sat mute in a corner of the gardener's kitchen, shaking her head when Maynard entreated her to return with him, and apparently unable to think of any thing but the possibility that Anthony might revive, until she saw them carrying away the body to the house. Then she followed by Sir Christopher's side again, so quietly, that even Dr. Hart did not object to her presence.

It was decided to lay the body in the library until after the coroner's inquest to-morrow, and when Caterina saw the door finally closed, she turned up the gallery stairs on her way to her own room, the place where she felt at home with her sorrows. It was the first time she had been in the gallery since that terrible moment in the morning, and now the spot and the objects around began to reawaken her half-stunned memory. The armour was no longer glittering in the sunlight, but there it hung dead and sombre above the cabinet from which she had taken the dagger. Yes! now it all came back to her—all the wretchedness and

all the sin. But where was the dagger now? She felt in her pocket: it was not there. Could it have been her fancy—all that about the dagger; she looked in the cabinet; it was not there. Alas! no; it could not have been her fancy, and she *was* guilty of that wickedness. But where could the dagger be now? Could it have fallen out of her pocket? She heard steps ascending the stairs, and hurried on to her room, where, kneeling by the bed, and burying her face to shut out the hateful light, she tried to recall every feeling and incident of the morning.

It all came back; every thing Anthony had done, and every thing she had felt for the last month—for many months—ever since that June evening when he had last spoken to her in the gallery. She looked back on her storms of passion, her jealousy and hatred of Miss Assher, her thoughts of revenge on Anthony. O how wicked she had been! It was she who had been sinning; it was she who had driven him to do and say those things that had made her so angry. And if he had wronged her, what had she been on the verge of doing to him? She was too wicked ever to be pardoned. She would like to confess how wicked she had been, that they might punish her; she would like to humble herself to the dust before every one—before Miss Assher even. Sir Christopher would send her away—would never see her again, if he knew all; and she would be happier to be punished and frowned on, than to be treated tenderly while she had that guilty secret in her breast. But then, if Sir Christopher were to know all, it would add to his sorrow, and make him more wretched than ever. No! she could not confess it—she should have to tell about Anthony. But she could not stay at the Manor; she must go away; she could not bear Sir Christopher's eye, could not bear the sight of all these things that reminded her of Anthony and of her sin. Perhaps she should die soon; she felt very feeble; there could not be much life in her. She would go away and live humbly, and pray to God to pardon her, and let her die.

The poor child never thought of suicide. No sooner was the storm of anger passed than the tenderness and timidity of her nature returned, and she could do nothing

but love and mourn. Her inexperience prevented her from imagining the consequences of her disappearance from the Manor; she foresaw none of the terrible details of alarm and distress and search that must ensue. "They will think I am dead," she said to herself, "and by-and-by they will forget me, and Maynard will get happy again, and love some one else."

She was roused from her absorption by a knock at the door. Mrs. Bellamy was there. She had come by Mr. Gilfil's request to see how Miss Sarti was, and to bring her some food and wine.

"You look sadly, my dear," said the old housekeeper, "an' you're all of a quake wi' cold. Get you to bed, now do. Martha shall come an' warm it, an' light your fire. See now, here's some nice arrowroot, wi' a drop o' wine in it. Tek that, an' it'll warm you. I must go down again, for I can't awhile to stay. There's so many things to see to; an' Miss Assher's in hysterics constant, an' her maid's ill i' bed—a poor creachy thing—an' Mrs. Sharp's wanted every minute. But I'll send Martha up, an' do you get ready to go to bed, there's a dear child, an' tek care o' yourself."

"Thank you, dear mammy," said Tina, kissing the little old woman's wrinkled cheek, "I shall eat the arrowroot, and don't trouble about me any more to-night. I shall do very well when Martha has lighted my fire. Tell Mr. Gilfil I'm better. I shall go to bed by-and-by, so don't you come up again, because you may only disturb me."

"Well, well, tek care o' yourself, there's a good child, an' God send you may sleep."

Caterina took the arrowroot quite eagerly while Martha was lighting her fire. She wanted to get strength for her journey, and she kept the plate of biscuits by her that she might put some in her pocket. Her whole mind was now bent on going away from the Manor, and she was thinking of all the ways and means her little life's experience could suggest.

It was dusk now; she must wait till early dawn, for she was too timid to go away in the dark, but she must make her escape before any one was up in the house. There would be people watching Anthony in the library, but she could make her way out of a small door leading into the garden, against the drawing-room on the other side of the house.

She laid her cloak, bonnet, and veil ready, then she lighted a candle, opened her desk, and took out the broken portrait wrapped in paper. *She folded it again in two little notes of Anthony's, written in pencil, and placed it in her bosom. There was a little china box, too—Dorcas's present, the pearl earrings, and a silk purse, with fifteen seven-shilling pieces in it, the presents Sir Christopher had made her on her birthday, ever since she had been at the Manor. Should she take the earrings and the seven-shilling pieces? She could not bear to part with them; it seemed as if they had some of Sir Christopher's love in them. She would like them to be buried with her. She fastened the little round earrings in her ears, and put the purse with Dorcas's box in her pocket. She had another purse there, and she took it out to count her money, for she would never spend her seven-shilling pieces. She had a guinea and eight shillings; that would be plenty.

So now she sat down to wait for the morning, afraid to lay herself on the bed lest she should sleep too long. If she could but see Anthony once more, and kiss his cold forehead! But that could not be. She did not deserve it. She must go away from him, away from Sir Christopher, and Lady Cherverel, and Maynard, and everybody who had been kind to her, and thought her good while she was so wicked.

CHAPTER XVII.

SOME of Mrs. Sharp's earliest thoughts, the next morning, were given to Caterina, whom she had not been able to visit the evening before, and whom, from a nearly equal mixture of affection and self-importance, she did not at all like resigning to Mrs. Bellamy's care. At half-past eight o'clock she went up to Tina's room, bent on benevolent dictation as to doses and diet and lying in bed. But on opening the door she found the bed smooth and empty. Evidently it had not been slept in. What could this mean? Had she sat up all night, and was she gone out to walk? The poor thing's head might be touched by what had happened yesterday; it was such a shock—finding Captain Wybrow in that way; she was perhaps gone out of her mind. Mrs. Sharp looked anxiously in the place where Tina kept her hat and cloak; they were not there, so that she had had at least the presence of

mind to put them on. Still the good woman felt greatly alarmed, and hastened away to tell Mr. Gilfil, who, she knew, was in his study.

"Mr. Gilfil," she said, as soon as she had closed the door behind her, "my mind mis-gives me dreadful about Miss Sarti."

"What is it?" said poor Maynard, with a horrible fear that Caterina had betrayed something about the dagger.

"She's not in her room, an' her bed's not been slept in this night, an' her hat an' cloak's gone."

For a minute or two Mr. Gilfil was unable to speak. He felt sure the worst had come. Caterina had destroyed herself. The strong man suddenly looked so ill and helpless that Mrs. Sharp began to be frightened at the effect of her abruptness.

"O, sir, I'm grieved to my heart to shock you so; but I didn't know who else to go to."

"No, no, you were quite right."

He gathered some strength from his very despair. It was all over, and he had nothing now to do but to suffer, and to help the suffering. He went on in a firmer voice:

"Be sure not to breathe a word about it to any one. We must not alarm Lady Cherevel and Sir Christopher. Miss Sarti may be only walking in the garden. She was terribly excited by what she saw yesterday, and perhaps was unable to lie down from restlessness. Just go quietly through the empty rooms, and see whether she is in the house. I will go and look for her in the grounds."

He went down, and, to avoid giving any alarm in the house, walked at once towards the Mosslands in search of Mr. Bates, whom he met returning from his breakfast. To the gardener he confided his fear about Caterina, assigning as a reason for this fear the probability that the shock she had undergone yesterday had unhinged her mind, and begging him to send men in search of her through the gardens and park, and inquire if she had been seen at the lodges; and if she were not found or heard of in this way, to lose no time in dragging the waters round the Manor.

"God forbid it should be so, Bates, but we shall be the easier for having searched everywhere."

"Troost to mae, troost to mae, Mr. Gil-

fil. Eh! but I'd ha' worked for day wage all the rest o' my life, rether than anythin' should ha' happened to her."

The good gardener, in deep distress, strode away to the stables that he might send the grooms on horseback through the park.

Mr. Gilfil's next thought was to search the Rookery: she might be haunting the scene of Captain Wybrow's death. He went hastily over every mound, looked round every large tree, and followed every winding of the walks. In reality he had little hope of finding her there; but the bare possibility fenced off for a time the fatal conviction that Caterina's body would be found in the water. When the Rookery had been searched in vain, he walked fast to the border of the little stream that bounded one side of the grounds. The stream was almost everywhere hidden among trees, and there was one place where it was broader and deeper than elsewhere—she would be more likely to come to that spot than to the pool. He hurried along with strained eyes, his imagination continually creating what he dreaded to see.

There is something white behind that overhanging bough. His knees tremble under him. He seems to see part of her dress caught on a branch, and her dear dead face upturned. O, God, give strength to thy creature, on whom thou hast laid this great agony! He is nearly up to the bough, and the white object is moving. It is a water-fowl, that spreads its wings and flies away screaming. He hardly knows whether it is a relief or a disappointment that she is not there. The conviction that she is dead presses its cold weight upon him none the less heavily.

As he reached the great pool in front of the Manor, he saw Mr. Bates, with a group of men already there, preparing for the dreadful search which could only displace his vague despair by a definite horror; for the gardener, in his restless anxiety, had been unable to defend this until other means of search had proved vain. The pool was not now laughing with sparkles among the water-lilies. It looked black and cruel under the sombre sky, as if its cold depths had relentlessly all the murdered hope and joy of Maynard Gilfil's life.

Thoughts for the sad consequences for others as well as himself were crowding on his mind. The blinds and shutters were all

closed in front of the Manor, and it was not likely that Sir Christopher would be aware of anything that was passing outside; but Mr. Gilfil felt that Caterina's disappearance could not long be concealed from him. The coroner's inquest would be held shortly; she would be inquired for, and then it would be inevitable that the baronet should know all.

CHAPTER XVIII.

At twelve o'clock, when all search and inquiry had been in vain, and the coroner was expected every moment, Mr. Gilfil could no longer defer the hard duty of revealing this fresh calamity to Sir Christopher, who must otherwise have it discovered to him abruptly.

The baronet was seated in his dressing-room, where the dark window-curtains were drawn so as to admit only a sombre light. It was the first time Mr. Gilfil had had an interview with him this morning, and he was struck to see how a single day and night of grief had aged the fine old man. The lines in his brow and about his mouth were deepened; his complexion looked dull and withered; there was a swollen ridge under his eyes; and the eyes themselves, which used to cast so keen a glance on the present, had the vacant expression which tells that vision is no longer a sense, but a memory.

He held out his hand to Maynard, who pressed it, and sat down beside him in silence. Sir Christopher's heart began to swell at this unspoken sympathy; the tears *would* rise, *would* roll in great drops down his cheeks. The first tears he had shed since boyhood were for Anthony.

Maynard felt as if his tongue were glued to the roof of his mouth. He could not speak first: he must wait until Sir Christopher said something which might lead on to the cruel words that must be spoken.

At last the baronet mastered himself enough to say, "I'm very weak, Maynard—God help me! I didn't think any thing would unman me in this way; but I'd built every thing on that lad. Perhaps I've been wrong in not forgiving my sister. She lost one of *her* sons a little while ago. I've been too proud and obstinate."

"We can hardly learn humility and tenderness enough except by suffering," said Maynard; "and God sees we are in need

of suffering, for it is falling more and more heavily on us. We have a new trouble this morning."

"Tina?" said Sir Christopher, looking up anxiously—"is Tina ill?"

"I am in dreadful uncertainty about her. She was very much agitated yesterday—and with her delicate health—I am afraid to think what turn the agitation may have taken."

"Is she delirious, poor dear little one?"

"God only knows how she is. We are unable to find her. When Mrs. Sharp went up to her room this morning, it was empty. She had not been in bed. Her hat and cloak were gone. I have had search made for her every where—in the house and garden, in the park, and—in the water. No one has seen her since Martha went up to light her fire at seven o'clock in the evening."

While Mr. Gilfil was speaking, Sir Christopher's eyes, which were eagerly turned on him, recovered some of their old keenness, and some sudden painful emotion, as at a new thought, flitted rapidly across his already agitated face, like the shadow of a dark cloud over the waves. When the pause came, he laid his hand on Mr. Gilfil's arm, and said in a lower voice,—

"Maynard, did that poor thing love Anthony?"

"She did."

Maynard hesitated after these words, struggling between his reluctance to inflict a yet deeper wound on Sir Christopher, and his determination that no injustice should be done to Caterina. Sir Christopher's eyes were still fixed on him in solemn inquiry, and his own sunk towards the ground, while he tried to find the words that would tell the truth least cruelly.

"You must not have any wrong thoughts about Tina," he said at length. "I must tell you now, for her sake, what nothing but this should ever have caused to pass my lips. Captain Wybrow won her affections by attentions which, in his position, he was bound not to show her. Before his marriage was talked of, he had behaved to her like a lover."

Sir Christopher relaxed his hold of Maynard's arm, and looked away from him. He was silent for some minutes, evidently attempting to master himself, so as to be able to speak calmly.

"I must see Henrietta immediately," he said at last, with something of his old sharp decision; "she must know all; but we must keep it from every one else as far as possible. My dear boy," he continued in a kinder tone, "the heaviest burthen has fallen on you. But we may find her yet; we must not despair: there has not been time enough for us to be certain. Poor dear little one! God help me! I thought I saw every thing, and was stone blind all the while."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE sad slow week was gone by at last. At the coroner's inquest a verdict of sudden death had been pronounced. Dr. Hart, acquainted with Captain Wybrow's previous state of health, had given his opinion that death had been imminent from long-established disease of the heart, though it had probably been accelerated by some unusual emotion. Miss Aasher was the only person who positively knew the motive that had led Captain Wybrow to the Rookery; but she had not mentioned Caterina's name, and all painful details or inquiries were studiously kept from her. Mr. Gilfil and Sir Christopher, however, knew enough to conjecture that the fatal agitation was due to an appointed meeting with Caterina.

All search and inquiry after her had been fruitless, and were the more likely to be so because they were carried on under the prepossession that she had committed suicide. No one noticed the absence of the trifles she had taken from her desk; no one knew of the likeness, or that she had hoarded her seven-shilling pieces, and it was not remarkable that she should have happened to be wearing the pearl earrings. She had left the house, they thought, taking nothing with her; it seemed impossible she could have gone far; and she must have been in a state of mental excitement, that made it too probable she had only gone to seek relief in death. The same places within three or four miles of the Manor were searched again and again—every pond, every ditch in the neighborhood was examined.

Sometimes Maynard thought that death might have come on unsought, from cold and exhaustion; and not a day passed but he wandered through the neighboring woods, turning up the heaps of dead leaves, as if it were possible her dear body could be

hidden there. Then another horrible thought recurred, and before each night came he had been again through all the uninhabited rooms of the house, to satisfy himself once more that she was not hidden behind some cabinet, or door, or curtain—that he should not find her there with madness in her eyes, looking and looking, and yet not seeing him.

But at last those five long days and nights were at an end, the funeral was over, and the carriages were returning through the park. When they had set out, a heavy rain was falling; but now the clouds were breaking up, and a gleam of sunshine was sparkling among the dripping boughs under which they were passing. This gleam fell upon a man on horseback who was jogging slowly along, and whom Mr. Gilfil recognized, in spite of diminished rotundity, as Daniel Knott, the coachman who had married the rosy-cheeked Dorcas ten years before.

Every new incident suggested the same thought to Mr. Gilfil; and his eye no sooner fell on Knott than he said to himself, "Can he be come to tell us any thing about Caterina?" Then he remembered that Caterina had been very fond of Dorcas, and that she always had some present ready to send her when Knott paid an occasional visit to the Manor. Could Tina have gone to Dorcas? But his heart sank again as he thought, very likely Knott had only come because he had heard of Captain Wybrow's death, and wanted to know how his old master had borne the blow.

As soon as the carriage reached the house, he went up to his study and walked about nervously, longing, but afraid, to go down and speak to Knott, lest his faint hope should be dissipated. Any one looking at that face, usually so full of calm good-will, would have seen that the last week's suffering had left deep traces. By day he had been riding or wandering incessantly, either searching for Caterina himself, or directing inquiries to be made by others. By night he had not known sleep—only intermittent dozing, in which he seemed to be finding Caterina dead, and woke up with a start from this unreal agony to the real anguish of believing that he should see her no more. The clear, gray eyes looked sunken and restless, the full, careless lips had a strange tension about

them, and the brow, formerly so smooth and open, was contracted as if with pain. He had not lost the object of a few months passion; he had lost the being who was bound up with his power of loving, as the brook we played by or the flowers we gathered in childhood are bound up with our sense of beauty. Love meant nothing for him but to love Caterina. For years, the thought of her had been present in every thing, like the air and the light; and now she was gone, it seemed as if all pleasure had lost its vehicle: the sky, the earth, the daily rite, the daily talk might be there, but the loveliness and the joy that were in them had gone forever.

Presently, as he still paced backwards and forwards, he heard steps along the corridor, and there was a knock at his door. His voice trembled as he said, "Come in," and the rush of renewed hope was hardly distinguishable from pain when he saw Warren enter with Daniel Knott behind him.

"Knott is come, sir, with news of Miss Sarti. I thought it best to bring him to you first."

Mr. Gilfil could not help going up to the old coachman and wringing his hand; but he was unable to speak, and only motioned to him to take a chair, while Warren left the room. He hung upon Daniel's moon-face, and listened to his small, piping voice, with the same solemn, yearning expectation with which he would have given ear to the most awful messenger from the land of shades.

"It wor Dorkis, sir, would hev me come; but we knowed nothin' o' what's happened at the Manor. She's frightened out on her wits about Miss Sarti, an' she would hev me saddle Blackbird this mornin', an' leave the ploughin', to come an' let Sir Christifer an' my lady know. P'raps you've heard, sir, we don't keep the Cross Keys at Sloppter now; a uncle o' mine died three 'ear ago, an' left me a leggiey. He was bailiff to Squire Ramble, as hed them there big farms on his hans; an' so we took a little farm o' forty acres or thereabouts, bekos Dorkis didn't like the public when she got moith-ered wi' children. As pritty a place as iver you see, sir, wi' water at the back convenient for the cattle."

"For God's sake," said Maynard, "tell me what it is about Miss Sarti. Don't stay to tell me any thing else now."

"Well, sir," said Knott rather frightened by the parson's vehemence, "she come t' our house i' the carrier's cart o' Wednesday, when it was welly nine o'clock at night; and Dorkis run out, for she heard the cart stop, an' Miss Sarti throwed her arms roun' Dorkis's neck an' says, 'Tek me in, Dorkis, tek me in,' an' went off into a swoond, like. An' Dorkis calls out to me, —'Dannel,' she calls,—an' I run out an' carried the young miss in, an' she come roun' arter a bit, an' opened her eyes, and Dorkis got her to drink a spoonful o' rum-an'-water—we've got some capital rum as we brought from the Cross Keys, an' Dorkis won't let any body drink it. She says she keeps it for sickness; but for my part, I think it's a pity to drink good rum when your mouth's out o' taste; you may just as well have doctor's stuff. Howiver Dorkis got her to bed, an' there she's lay iver sin', stoopid like, an' niver speaks, an' on'y teks little bits an' sups when Dorkis coaxes her. An' we begun to be frightened, and couldn't think what had made her come away from the Manor, an' Dorkis was afeard there was summat wrong. So this mornin' she could hold no longer, an' would hev no nay but I must come an' see; an' so I've rode twenty mile upo' Blackbird, as thinks all the while he's a ploughin', an' turns sharp roun' ivery thirty yards, as if he was at the end of a furrow. I've had a sore time wi' him I can tell you, sir."

"God bless you, Knott, for coming!" said Mr. Gilfil, wringing the old coachman's hand again. "Now go down and have something, and rest yourself. You will stay here to-night, and by-and-by I shall come to you to learn the nearest way to your house. I shall get ready to ride there immediately, when I have spoken to Sir Christopher."

In an hour from that time Mr. Gilfil was galloping on a stout mare towards the little muddy village of Callam, five miles beyond Sloppter. Once more he saw some gladness in the afternoon sunlight; once more it was a pleasure to see the hedgerow trees flying past him, and to be conscious of a "good seat" while his black Kitty bounded beneath him, and the air whistled to the rhythm of her pace. Caterina was not dead; he had found her; his love, and tenderness, and long-suffering seemed so strong, they must

recall her to life and happiness. After that week of despair, the rebound was so violent that it carried his hope at once as far as the utmost mark they had ever reached. Caterina would come to love him at last; she would be his. They had been carried through all that dark and weary way that she might know the depth of his love. How he would cherish her—his little bird with the timid, bright eye, and the sweet throat that trembled with love and music! She would nestle against him, and the poor little breast which had been so ruffled and bruised should be safe for evermore. In the love of a brave and faithful man there is always a strain of maternal tenderness; he gives out again those beams of protecting fondness which were shed on him as he lay on his mother's knee.

It was twilight as he entered the village of Callam, and, asking a homebound laborer the way to Daniel Knott's, learned that it was by the church, which showed its stumpy ivy-clad spire on a slight elevation of ground; a useful addition to the means of identifying that desirable homestead afforded by Daniel's description—"the prittiest place iver you see"—though a small cow-yard full of excellent manure, and leading right up to the door, without any frivolous interruption from garden or railing, might perhaps have been enough to make that description unmistakably specific.

Mr. Gilfil had no sooner reached the gate leading into the cow-yard, than he was descried by a flaxen-haired lad of nine, prematurely invested with the *toga virilis*, or smock-frock, who ran forward to let in the unusual visitor. In a moment Dorcas was at the door, the roses on her cheeks apparently all the redder for the three pair of cheeks which formed a group round her, and for the very fat baby who stared in her arms, and sucked a long crust with calm relish.

"Is it Mr. Gilfil, sir?" said Dorcas, curtsying low as he made his way through the damp straw, after tying up his horse.

"Yes, Dorcas; I'm grown out of your knowledge. How is Miss Sarti?"

"Just for all the world the same, sir, as I suppose Dannel's told you; for I reckon you've come from the Manor, though you're come uncommon quick, to be sure."

"Yes, he got to the Manor about one

o'clock, and I set off as soon as I could. She's not worse, is she?"

"No change, sir, for better or wuss. Will you please to walk in, sir? She lies there teking no notice o' nothin', no more nor a baby as is on'y a wick old, an' looks at me as blank as if she didn't know me. O what can it be, Mr. Gilfil? How come she to leave the Manor? How's his honor an' my lady!"

"In great trouble, Dorcas. Captain Wybrow, Sir Christopher's nephew, you know, has died suddenly. Miss Sarti found him lying dead, and I think the shock has affected her mind."

"Eh, dear! that fine young gentleman as was to be th' heir, as Dannel told me about. I remember seein' him when he was a little un, a visitin' at the Manor. Well-a-day, what a grief to his honor an' my lady. But that poor Miss Tina—an' she found him a-lyin' dead! O dear, O dear!"

Dorcas had led the way into the best kitchen, as charming a room as best kitchens used to be in farm-houses which had no parlors—the fire reflected in a bright row of pewter plates and dishes; the sand-scoured deal-tables so clean you longed to stroke them; the salt-coffer in one chimney-corner, and a three-cornered chair in the other, the walls behind handsomely tapestried with fitches of bacon, and the ceiling ornamented with pendent hams.

"Sit ye down, sir—do," said Dorcas, moving the three-cornered chair, "an' let me get you somethin' after your long journey. Here, Becky, come an' tek the baby."

Betty, a red-armed damsel, emerged from the adjoining back-kitchen, and possessed herself of baby, whose feelings or fat made him conveniently apathetic under the transference.

"What'll you please to tek, sir, as I can give you? I'll get you a rasher o' bacon i' no time, an' I've got some tea, or belike you'd tek a glass o' rum-an'-water. I know we've got nothin' as you're used t' eat and drink, but such as I hev, sir, I shall be proud to give you."

"Thank you, Dorcas; I can't eat or drink anything. I am not hungry or tired. Let us talk about Tina. Has she spoken at all?"

"Niver since the fust words, 'Dear Dor-kis,' says she, 'tek me in;' and then went

off into a faint, an' not a word has she spoke since. I get her t' eat little bits an' sups o' things, but she teks no notice o' nothin'. I've took up Bessie wi' me now an' then"—here Dorcas lifted to her lap a curly-headed little girl of three, who was twisting a corner of her mother's apron, and opening round eyes at the gentleman—"folks'll tek notice o' children sometimes when they won't o' nothin' else. An' we gethered th' autumn crocuses out o' th' orchard, an' Bessie carried 'em up in her hand, an' put 'em on the bed. I knowed how fond Miss Tina was o' flowers an' them things, when she was a little un. But she looked at Bessie an' the flowers just the same as if she didn't see 'em. It cuts me to th' heart to look at them eyes o' hers. I think they're bigger nor iver, an' they look like my poor baby's as died, when it got so thin—O dear, its little hands, you could see thro' 'em. But I've great hopes if she was to see you, sir, as come from the Manor, it might bring back her mind, like."

Maynard had that hope too, but he felt cold mists of fear gathering round him after the few bright warm hours of joyful confidence which had passed since he first heard that Caterina was alive. The thought would urge itself upon him that her mind and body might never recover the strain that had been put upon them—that her delicate thread of life had already nearly spun itself out.

"Go now, Dorcas, and see how she is, but don't say anything about my being here. Perhaps it will be better for me to wait till daylight before I see her, and yet it would be very hard to pass another night in this way."

Dorcas set down little Bessie, and went away. The three other children, including young Daniel in his smock-frock, were standing opposite to Mr. Gilfil, watching him still more shyly now they were without their mother's countenance. He drew little Bessie towards him, and set her on his knee. She shook her yellow curls out of her eyes, and looked up at him as she said,—

"Zoo tome to tee ze yady? Zoo mek her peak? What zoo do to her? Tiss her?"

"Do you like to be kissed, Bessie?"

"Det," said Bessie, immediately ducking down her head very low, in resistance to the expected rejoinder.

"We've got two pups," said young Daniel, emboldened by observing the gentleman's

amenities towards Bessie. "Shall I show 'em yer? One's got white spots."

"Yes, let me see them."

Daniel ran out, and presently re-appeared with two blind puppies, eagerly followed by their mother, affectionate though mongrel, and an exciting scene was beginning when Dorcas returned and said,—

"There's niver any difference in her hardly. I think you needn't wait, sir. She lies very still, as she al'ys does. I've put two candles i' the room, so as she may see you well. You'll please t' excuse the room, sir, an' the cap as she hes on, its one o' mine."

Mr. Gilfil nodded silently, and rose to follow her up-stairs. They turned in at the first door, their footsteps making little noise on the plaster floor. The red-checked linen curtains were drawn at the head of the bed, and Dorcas had placed the candles on this side of the room, so that the light might not fall oppressively on Caterina's eyes. When she had opened the door, Dorcas whispered, "I'd better leave you, sir, I think?"

Mr. Gilfil motioned assent, and advanced beyond the curtain. Caterina lay with her eyes turned the other way, and seemed unconscious that any one had entered. Her eyes, as Dorcas, had said, looked larger than ever, perhaps because her face was thinner and paler, and her hair quite gathered away under one of Dorcas's thick caps. The small hands, too, that lay listlessly on the outside of the bedclothes, were thinner than ever. She looked younger than she really was, and any one seeing the tiny face and hands for the first time might have thought they belonged to a little girl of twelve, who was being taken away from coming instead of past sorrow.

When Mr. Gilfil advanced and stood opposite to her, the light fell full upon his face. A slight startled expression came over Caterina's eyes; she looked at him earnestly for a few moments, then lifted up her hand as if to beckon him to stoop down towards her, and whispered, "Maynard!"

He seated himself on the bed, and stooped down towards her. She whispered again—

"Maynard, did you see the dagger?"

He followed his first impulse in answering her, and it was a wise one.

"Yes," he whispered, "I found it in your pocket, and put it back again in the cabinet."

He took her hand in his and held it gently, waiting what she would say next. His heart swelled so with thankfulness that she had recognized him, he could hardly repress a sob. Gradually her eyes became softer and less intense in their gaze. The tears were slowly gathering, and presently some large hot drops rolled down her cheek. Then the flood-gates were opened, and the heart-easing stream gushed forth; deep sobs came; and for nearly an hour she lay without speaking, while the heavy icy pressure that withheld her misery from utterance was thus melting away. How precious these tears were to Maynard, who day after day had been shuddering at the continually recurring image of Tina with the dry scorching stare of insanity!

By degrees the sobs subsided, she began to breathe calmly, and lay quiet with her eyes shut. Patiently Maynard sat, not heeding the flight of the hours, not heeding the old clock that ticked loudly on the landing. But when it was nearly ten, Doreas, impatiently anxious to know the result of Mr. Gilfil's appearance, could not help stepping in on tip-toe. Without moving, he whispered in her ear to supply him with candles, see that the cow-boy had shaken down his mare, and go to bed—he would watch with Caterina—a great change had come over her.

Before long, Tina's lips began to move. "Maynard," she whispered again. He leaned towards her, and she went on.

"You know how wicked I am then? You know what I meant to do with the dagger?"

"Did you mean to kill yourself, Tina?"

She shook her head slowly, and then was silent for a long while. At last, looking at him with solemn eyes, she whispered, "To kill *him*."

"Tina, my loved one, you would never have done it. God saw your whole heart; He knows you would never harm a living thing. He watches over His children, and will not let them do things they would pray with their whole hearts not to do. It was the angry thought of a moment, and He forgives you."

She sank into silence again till it was nearly midnight. The weary, enfeebled spirit seemed to be making its slow way with difficulty through the windings of thought; and when she began to whisper again, it was in reply to Maynard's words.

"But I had had such wicked feelings for a long while. I was so angry, and I hated Miss Assher so, and I didn't care what came to anybody, because I was so miserable myself. I was full of bad passions. No one else was ever so wicked."

"Yes, Tina, many are just as wicked. I often have very wicked feelings, and am tempted to do wrong things; but then my body is stronger than yours, and I can hide my feelings, and resist them better. They do not master me so. You have seen the little birds when they are very young and just begin to fly, how all their feathers are ruffled when they are frightened or angry: they have no power over themselves left, and might fall into a pit from mere fright. You were like one of those little birds. Your sorrow and suffering had taken such hold of you, you hardly knew what you did."

He would not speak long, lest he should tire her, and oppress her with too many thoughts. Long pauses seemed needful for her before she could concentrate her feelings in short words.

"But when I meant to do it," was the next thing she whispered, "it was as bad as if I had done it."

"No, my Tina," answered Maynard slowly, waiting a little between each sentence; "we mean to do wicked things that we never could do, just as we mean to do good or clever things that we never could do. Our thoughts are often worse than we are, just as they are often better than we are. And God sees us as we are altogether, not in separate feelings or actions, as our fellow-men see us. We are always doing each other injustice, and thinking better or worse of each other than we deserve, because we only hear and see separate words and actions. We don't see each other's whole nature. But God sees that you could not have committed that crime."

Caterina shook her head slowly, and was silent. After a while,

"I don't know," she said; "I seemed to see him coming towards me, just as he would really have looked, and I meant—I meant to do it."

"But when you saw him—tell me how it was, Tina?"

"I saw him lying on the ground, and thought he was ill. I don't know how it

was then ; I forgot every thing. I knelt down and spoke to him, and—and he took no notice of me, and his eyes were fixed, and I began to think he was dead.”

“And you have never felt angry since?”

“O no, no; it is I who have been more wicked than any one; it is I who have been wrong all through.”

“No, my Tina; the fault has not all been yours; *he* was wrong; he gave you provocation. And wrong makes wrong. When people use us ill, we can hardly help having ill feeling towards them. But that second wrong is more excusable. I am more sinful than you, Tina; I have often had very bad feelings towards Captain Wybrow; and if he had provoked me as he did you, I should perhaps have done something more wicked.

“O, it was not so wrong in him; he didn't know how he hurt me. How was it likely he could love me as I loved him! And how could he marry a poor little thing like me?”

Maynard made no reply to this, and there was again silence, till Tina said,

“Then I was so deceitful; they didn't know how wicked I was. Padroncello didn't know; his good little monkey, he used to call me; and if he had known, O how naughty he would have thought me!”

“My Tina, we have all our secret sins; and if we knew ourselves, we should not judge each other harshly. Sir Christopher himself has felt, since this trouble came upon him, that he has been too severe and obstinate.”

In this way—in these broken confessions and answering words of comfort—the hours wore on, from the deep, black night to the chill, early twilight, and from early twilight to the first yellow streak of morning parting the purple cloud. Mr. Gilfil felt as if in the long hours of that night the bond that united his love forever and alone to Caterina had acquired fresh strength and sanctity. It is so with the human relations that rest on the deep emotional sympathy of affection: every new day and night of joy or sorrow, is a new ground, a new consecration for the love that is nourished by memories as well as hopes—the love to which perpetual repetition is not a weariness but a want, and to which a separate joy is the beginning of pain.

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The cocks began to crow; the gate swung; there was a tramp of footsteps in the yard, and Mr. Gilfil heard Dorcas stirring. These sounds seemed to affect Caterina, for she looked anxiously at him and said, “Maynard, are you going away?”

“No, I shall stay here at Callam until you are better, and then you will go away too.”

“Never to the Manor again, O no! I shall live poorly, and get my own bread.”

“Well, dearest, you shall do what you would like best. But I wish you could go to sleep now. Try to rest quietly, and by-and-by you will perhaps sit up a little. God has kept you in life in spite of all this sorrow; it will be sinful not to try and make the best of His gift. Dear Tina, you *will* try;—and little Bessie brought you some crocuses once; you didn't notice the poor little thing; but you will notice her when she comes again, will you not?”

“I will try,” whispered Tina humbly, and then closed her eyes.

By the time the sun was above the horizon, scattering the clouds, and shining with pleasant morning warmth through the little leaded window, Caterina was asleep. Maynard gently loosed the tiny hand, cheered Dorcas with the good news, and made his way to the village inn, with a thankful heart that Tina had been so far herself again. Evidently the sight of him had blended naturally with the memories in which her mind was absorbed, and she had been led on to an unburthening of herself that might be the beginning of a complete restoration. But her body was so enfeebled—her soul so bruised—that the utmost tenderness and care would be necessary. The next thing to be done was to send tidings to Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel; then to write and summon his sister, under whose care he had determined to place Caterina. The Manor, even if she had been wishing to return thither, would, he knew, be the most undesirable home for her at present: every scene, every object there, was associated with still unallayed anguish. If she were domesticated for a time with his mild, gentle sister, who had a peaceful home and a prattling, little boy, Tina might attach herself anew to life, and recover, partly at least, the shock that had been given to her constitution. When he had written his letters and taken a

hasty breakfast, he was soon in his saddle again, on his way to Sloppeter, where he would post them, and seek out a medical man, to whom he might confide the moral causes of Caterina's enfeebled condition.

CHAPTER XX.

IN less than a week from that time Caterina was persuaded to travel in a comfortable carriage, under the care of Mr. Gilfil and his sister, Mrs. Heron, whose soft, blue eyes and mild manners were very soothing to the poor, bruised child—the more so as they had an air of sisterly equality, which was quite new to her. Under Lady Cheverel's uncaressing, authoritative good-will, Tina had always retained a certain constraint and awe; and there was a sweetness before unknown in having a young and gentle woman, like an elder sister, bending over her caressingly, and speaking in low, loving tones.

Maynard was almost angry with himself for feeling happy while Tina's mind and body were still trembling on the verge of irrecoverable decline; but the new delight of acting as her guardian angel, of being with her every hour of the day, of devising everything for her comfort, of watching for a ray of returning interest in her eyes, was too absorbing to leave room for alarm or regret.

On the third day the carriage drove up to the door of Foxholm Parsonage, where the Rev. Arthur Heron presented himself on the door-step, eager to greet his returning Lucy, and holding by the hand a broad-chested tawny-haired boy of five, who was smacking a miniature hunting-whip with great vigor.

Nowhere was there a lawn more smooth-shaven, walks better swept, or a porch more prettily festooned with creepers, than at Foxholm Parsonage, standing snugly sheltered by beeches and chestnuts half-way down the pretty green hill which was surmounted by the church, and overlooking a village that straggled at its base among pastures and meadows, surrounded by wild hedgerows and broad shadowing trees, as yet unthreatened by improved methods of farming.

Brightly the fire shone in the great parlor, and brightly in the little pink bedroom, which was to be Caterina's, because it looked away from the churchyard, and on to a farm homestead, with its little cluster of beehive ricks, and placid groups of cows, and cheerful mat-

in sounds of healthy labor. Mrs. Heron, with the instinct of an impressionable woman, had written to her husband to have this room prepared for Caterina. Contented, speckled hens, industriously scratching for the rarely-found corn, may sometimes do more for a sick heart than a grove of nightingales; there is something irresistibly calming in the unsentimental cheeriness of top-knotted pullets, unperturbed sheep-dogs, and patient cart-horses enjoying a drink of muddy water.

In such a home as this parsonage, a nest of comfort, without any of the stateliness that would carry a suggestion of Cheverel Manor, Mr. Gilfil was not unreasonable in hoping that Caterina might gradually shake off the haunting vision of the past, and recover from the languor and feebleness which were the physical sign of that vision's blighting presence. The next thing to be done was to arrange an exchange of duties with Mr. Heron's curate, that Maynard might be constantly near Caterina, and watch over her progress. She seemed to like him to be with her, to look uneasily for his return; and though she seldom spoke to him, she was most contented when he sat by her, and held her tiny hand in his large protecting grasp. But Oswald, *alias* Ozzy, the broad-chested boy, was perhaps her most beneficial companion. With something of his uncle's person, he had inherited also his uncle's early taste for a domestic menagerie, and was very imperative in demanding Tina's sympathy in the welfare of his guinea-pigs, squirrels, and dormice. With him she seemed now and then to have gleams of her childhood coming athwart the leaden clouds, and many hours of winter went by the more easily for being spent in Ozzy's nursery.

Mrs. Heron was not musical and had no instrument; but one of Mr. Gilfil's cares was to procure a harpsichord, and have it placed in the drawing-room, always open, in the hope that some day the spirit of music would be reawakened in Caterina, and she would be attracted towards the instrument. But the winter was almost gone by, and he had waited in vain. The utmost improvement in Tina had not gone beyond passiveness and acquiescence—a quiet grateful smile, compliance with Oswald's whims, and an increasing consciousness of what was being said and done around her. Sometimes she

would take up a bit of woman's work, but she seemed too languid to persevere in it; her fingers soon dropped, and she relapsed into motionless reverie.

At last—it was one of those bright days in the end of February, when the sun is shining with a promise of approaching spring. Maynard had been walking with her and Oswald round the garden to look at the snow-drops, and she was resting on the sofa after the walk. Ozzy, roaming about the room in quest of a forbidden pleasure came to the harpsichord, and struck the handle of his whip on a deep bass note.

The vibration rushed through Caterina like an electric shock; it seemed as if at that instant a new soul were entering into her, and filling her with a deeper, more significant life. She looked round, rose from the sofa, and walked to the harpsichord. In a moment her fingers were wandering with their old sweet method among the keys, and her soul was floating in its true familiar element of delicious sound, as the water-plant that lies withered and shrunken on the ground expands into freedom and beauty when once more bathed in its native flood.

Maynard thanked God. An active power was reawakened, and must make a new epoch in Caterina's recovery.

Presently there were low liquid notes blending themselves with the harder tones of the instrument, and gradually the pure voice swelled into predominance. Little Ozzy stood in the middle of the room, with his mouth open and his legs very wide apart, struck with something like awe at this new power in "Tin-Tin," as he called her, whom he had been accustomed to think of as a playfellow not at all clever, and very much in need of his instruction on many subjects. A genii soaring with broad wings out of his milk-jug would not have been more astonishing.

Caterina was singing the very air from the *Orfeo* which we heard her singing so many months ago at the beginning of her sorrows. It was *Ho perduto*, Sir Christopher's favorite, and its notes seemed to carry on their wings all the tenderest memories of her life, when Cheverel Manor was still an untroubled home. The long happy days of childhood and girlhood recovered all their rightful predominance over the short interval of sin and sorrow.

She paused, and burst into tears—the first tears she had shed since she had been at Foxholm. Maynard could not help hurrying towards her, putting his arm around her and leaning down to kiss her hair. She nestled to him, and put up her little mouth to be kissed.

The delicate-tendrilled plant must have something to cling to. The soul that was born anew to music was born anew to love.

CHAPTER XXI.

On the 10th of May 1790, a very pretty sight was seen by the villagers assembled near the door of Foxholm church. The sun was bright upon the dewy grass, the air was alive with the murmur of bees and the trilling of birds, the bushy blossoming chestnuts and the foamy flowering hedgerows seemed to be crowding round to learn why the church-bells were ringing so merrily, as Maynard Gilfil, his face bright with happiness, walked out of the old Gothic door-way with Tina on his arm. The little face was still pale, and there was a subdued melancholy in it, as of one who sups with friends for the last time, and has his ear open for the signal that will call him away. But the tiny hand rested with the pressure of contented affection on Maynard's arm, and the dark eyes met his downward glance with timid answering love.

There was no train of bridesmaids, only pretty Mrs. Heron leaning on the arm of a dark-haired young man hitherto unknown in Foxholm, and holding by the other hand little Ozzy, who exulted less in his new velvet cap and tunic, than in the notion that he was bridesman to Tin-Tin.

Last of all came a couple whom the villagers eyed yet more eagerly than the bride and bridegroom; a fine old gentleman, who looked round with keen glances that cowed the conscious scrapegreases among them, and a stately lady in blue-and-white silk robes, who must surely be like Queen Charlotte.

"Well, that theer's whut I coall a pictur," said old "Mester" Ford, a true Staffordshire patriarch, who leaned on a stick and held his head very much on one side, with the air of a man who had little hope of the present generation, but would at all events give it the benefit of his criticism. "Th' yong men now-a-deys the'r poor squashy things—the' looke well anooof, but the' woon't wear, the' woon't wear."

Theer's ne'er un 'll carry his 'ears like that Sir Cris'fer Chuvrell."

"'Ull bet yer two pots," said another of the seniors, "as that youngster a-walkin' wi' th' parson's wife 'll be Sir Cris'fer's son—he fevors him."

"Nay, yae'll bet that wi' as big a fule as yereen; hae's noo son at oall. As I oonderstan' hae's the nevey as is t' heir th' estate. The coochman as puts oop at the White Hoss tellt me as theer war another nevey, a dell finer chap t' looke at nor this un, as died in a fit oall on a sooden, an' soo this here young un's got upo' th' perch instid."

At the church gate Mr. Bates was standing in a new suit, ready to speak words of good omen as the bride and bridegroom approached. He had come all the way from Cheverel Manor on purpose to see Miss Tina happy once more, and would have been in a state of unmixed joy but for the inferiority of the wedding nosegays to what he could have furnished from the garden at the Manor.

"God A'maightry bless ye both, an' send ye long laife an' happiness," were the good gardener's rather tremulous words.

"Thank you, uncle Bates; always remember Tina," said the sweet, low voice, which fell on Mr. Bates' ear for the last time.

The wedding journey was to be a circuitous route to Shepperton, where Mr. Gilfil had been for several months inducted as vicar. This small living had been given to him through the interest of an old friend who had some claim on the gratitude of the Oldinport family; and it was a satisfaction both to Maynard and Sir Christopher that a home to which he might take Caterina had thus readily presented itself at a distance from Cheverel Manor. For it had never yet been thought safe that she should revisit the scene of her sufferings, her health continuing too delicate to encourage the slightest risk of painful excitement. In a year or two, perhaps, by the time old Mr. Crichley, the rector of Cumbermoor, should have left a world of gout, and when Caterina would very likely be a happy mother, Maynard might safely take up his abode at Cumbermoor, and Tina would feel nothing but content at seeing a new "little black-eyed monkey" running up and down the gallery and gardens of the Manor. A mother dreads no

memories—those shadows have all melted away in the dawn of baby's smile.

In these hopes, and in the enjoyment of Tina's nestling affection, Mr. Gilfil tasted a few months of perfect happiness. She had come to lean entirely on his love, and to find life sweet for his sake. Her continual languor and want of active interest was a natural consequence of bodily feebleness, and the prospect of her becoming a mother was a new ground for hoping the best.

But the delicate plant had been too deeply bruised, and in the struggle do put forth a blossom it died.

Tina died, and Maynard Gilfil's love went with her into deep silence forevermore.

EPILIQUE.

THIS was Mr. Gilfil's love story, which lay far back from the time when he sat, worn and gray by his lonely fireside in Shepperton Vicarage. Rich brown locks, passionate love, and deep, early sorrow, strangely different as they seem from the scanty, white hairs, the apathetic content, and the unexpected acquiescence of old age, are but part of the same life's journey; as the bright, Italian plains, with the sweet *Addio* of their beckoning maidens, are part of the same day's travel that brings us to the other side of the mountain, between the sombre, rocky walls and among the guttural voices of the Valais.

To those who were familiar only with the gray-haired Vicar, jogging leisurely along on his old chestnut cob, it would perhaps have been hard to believe that he had ever been the Maynard Gilfil who, with a heart full of passion and tenderness, had urged his black Kitty to her swiftest gallop on the way to Callam, or that the old gentleman of caustic tongue, and bucolic tastes, and sparing habits, had known all the deep secrets of devoted love, had struggled through its days and nights of anguish, and trembled under its unspeakable joys. And indeed the Mr. Gilfil of those late Shepperton days had more of the knots and ruggednesses of poor human nature than there lay any clear hint of in the open-eyed loving Maynard. But it is with men as with trees: if you lop off their finest branches, into which they were pouring their young life-juice, the wounds will be healed over with some rough boss, some odd excrescence; and what might have

been a grand tree expanding into liberal shade, is but a whimsical misshapen trunk. Many an irritating fault, many an unlovely oddity, has come of a hard sorrow, which has crushed and maimed the nature just when it was expanding into plenteous beauty, and the trivial erring life which we visit with our harsh blame, may be but as the unsteady motion of a man whose best limb is withered.

And so the dear, old Vicar, though he had something of the knotted, whimsical character of the poor, lopped oak, had yet

been sketched out by nature as a noble tree. The heart of him was sound, the grain was of the finest, and in the gray-haired man who filled his pocket with sugar-plums for the little children, whose most biting words were directed against the evil-doing of the rich man, and who, with all his social pipes and slipshod talk, never sank below the highest level of his parishioners' respect, there was the main trunk of the same brave, faithful, tender nature that had poured out the finest, freshest forces of its life-current in a first and only love—the love of Tina.

ANONYMOUS WRITERS.—The identification of an anonymous writer by the test of *style* is an object on which many persons have exercised their ingenuity. Without repeating the sharp censure which Pope was accustomed to pass upon such persons, I must be permitted to express my opinion that those attempts have too often been made with excessive hardihood of critical pretension.

I do not entirely reject the test, but contend that phraseological resemblances, if adduced as proofs of authorship, should always have the support of other circumstantial evidence.

Every man who writes for the press has opportunities of reviewing his composition, and must therefore be somewhat aware of its peculiarities. Now, if he should wish to conceal his name, would he not strive to avoid those peculiarities? Besides, the style must vary with the subject, with the variable feelings of the writer, etc.

As an illustration of this question, which holds an important station in the history of literature, I shall transcribe some verses which bear the signature of an author of whose composition some thousand and tens of thousands have read specimens. If any one who does not remember the verses can name the author, I must be content to modify the above-declared opinion.

"To my noble friend * * * : An ode in pure iambic feet.

"I knew before thy dainty touch
Upon the lordly viol,
But of thy lyre who knew so much
Before this happy trial?
So tuned is thy sacred harp
To make her echo sweetly sharp.

"I wot not how to praise enough
Thy music and thy muses:
Thy gloss so smooth, the text so tough,
Be judge who both peruses.

Thy choice of odes is also chaste;
No want it hath, it hath no waste.

"A grace it is for any knight
A stately steed to stable;
But unto *Pegasus* the light
Is any comparable?
No courser of so comely course
Was ever as the winged horse.

"That *Astrophel*, of arts the life,
A knight was, and a poet;
So was the man who took to wife
The daughter of *La Roet*.
So thou that hast reserv'd a part
To rouse my *Johnson*, and his art.

"Receive the while my lonely verse
To wait upon thy muses;
Who cannot half thy worth rehearse—
My brain that height refuses.
Beneath thy meed is all my praise:
That asks a crown of holy bays."
—*Notes and Queries*.

ALLUSIONS IN EPISTLE TO SIR JOHN HILL.—
The following lines occur in *A Friendly Epistle to Sir John Hill*, London, 1761, 8vo., pp. 32:

"Ericksey Mago, well enough,
For hiccup gave a pinch of snuff,
(A remedy which seldom scarce is),
And cured the Author of those farces
With which sly saints dull hours beguile,
Reading them *only* for their style.
Like alcohol by Duchess quaff,
When labelled 'The composing Draught';
Though she would hold it deadly sin
To wet her lips with simple gin."—p. 12.

Some person has written on the margin "Cheyne" and "Foote." The explanation is not quite satisfactory. Can any of your readers help me to a better?—*Notes and Queries*

From Fraser's Magazine.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.*

WE must go back to the days of the early dramatists—of Marlowe, Dekker, Ford, Massinger, and Otway—before we shall find in the history of literature any parallel to the wild and morbid genius, and the reckless and miserable life and death of Edgar Allan Poe. Never was there a sadder story than that of his wayward and infatuated youth, his wasted opportunities, his estranged friends, his poverty-stricken manhood, his drunken degradation, his despairing efforts to reform, his gradual sinking into lower and lower depths of profligacy and misery, till at last he died of *delirium tremens* in an hospital, at the age of thirty-eight. And his poetical genius, his extraordinary analytic power, his imagination that revelled in the realm of the awful, the weird, and the horrible; his utter lack of truth and honor, his inveterate selfishness, his inordinate vanity and insane folly,—all go to make a picture so strange and sad that it cannot easily be forgotten. We believe that this extraordinary man is but little known in this country; and we think our readers may be interested by a few pages given to some account of his life and works.

Poe has not been fortunate in his introduction to the English reading public. His tales have appeared in no more promising shape than that of two volumes of railway reading—much better printed and illustrated, indeed, than such volumes usually are; but blighted, so far as the prospect of admission to the library is concerned, by paper covers and gaudy coloring. His poetry has been published in a handsome volume, with some very pretty illustrations. But this volume unhappily sets out with a biographical notice of Poe, written by Mr. James Hannay, which we have read with considerable surprise. Should any man of taste and sense, not acquainted with Poe, be so unfortunate as to look at Mr. Hannay's preface before reading the poetry, it is ex-

* *The Works of the late Edgar Allan Poe: with a Memoir by Rufus Wilmot Griswold, and Notices of his Life and Genius by N. P. Willis and J. R. Lowell.* In Four Volumes. New York: Redfield. 1856.

The Poetical Works of Edgar Allan Poe: with a Notice of his Life and Genius by James Hannay. Illustrated. London: Addey and Co. 1853.

Tales of Mystery, Imagination, and Humor; and Poems. By Edgar Allan Poe. Two Volumes. London: Vizetelly. 1852.

tremely probable that he will throw the book into the fire, in indignation at the self-conceit and affected smartness by which the preface is characterized.

The American edition of Poe's works consists of four handsome volumes of five hundred pages each, which, as regards paper, printing, and binding, are very favorable specimens of transatlantic publishing. The first volume contains a memoir of Poe's life by Mr. Griswold, and notices of his genius by Mr. N. P. Willis and Mr. Lowell. Mr. Griswold gives us the severer estimate of Poe's life and character: Mr. Lowell and Mr. Willis appear anxious to say as much good of him as possible. There is something that relieves the dark colors in which Poe is usually depicted, in the brief notice of him by his mother-in-law, prefixed to the work. She says—

"The late Edgar Allan Poe—who was the husband of my only daughter, the son of my eldest brother, and more than a son to myself, in his long-continued and affectionate observance of every duty to me—under an impression that he might be called suddenly from the world, wrote (just before he left his home in Fordham for the last time, on the 29th of June, 1849) requests that the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold would act as his literary executor, and superintend the publication of his works—and that N. P. Willis, Esq., should write such observations upon his life and character as he might deem suitable to address to thinking men in vindication of his memory."

From this statement of Mrs. Clemm, and from a statement made by Francis Osgood, it seems that those who knew Poe best were witnesses of a more amiable aspect of his character. There is, unhappily, only one account of the melancholy phase of it which was known to the public. We are told by Mr. Willis that the slightest indulgence in intoxicating liquor was sufficient to convert Poe into a thorough blackguard—that "with a single glass of wine his whole nature was reversed; the demon became uppermost, and though none of the usual signs of intoxication were visible, his will was palpably insane." The only excuse which can be offered for much of Poe's life is, that he was truly not a responsible agent. He was morally, though not intellectually, insane.

The father of Edgar Allan Poe, when a law student, eloped with an English actress named Elizabeth Arnold. After a time he married her. He became an actor, and acted along with his wife for six or seven years in various cities of the United States. At length his wife and he died, within a few weeks of each other, leaving two sons and a daughter utterly destitute. Edgar, their second child, was born at Baltimore in 1811. He was adopted by a wealthy merchant, one Mr. John Allan; and Mr. Allan having no children, young Poe was generally regarded as destined to succeed to his fortune. The child was beautiful, precocious, high-spirited. He could brook no opposition, and Mr. and Mrs. Allan foolishly humored him in every way. In 1816 he accompanied them to England, and was left for four or five years at school at Stoke Newington. In one of his tales, Poe gives a striking description of his life here:

"My earliest recollections of a school life are connected with a large rambling Elizabethan house in a misty-looking village in England, where were a vast number of gigantic and gnarled trees, and where all the houses were excessively ancient. In truth, it was a dream-like and spirit-soothing place, that venerable old town. At this moment, in fancy, I feel the refreshing chilliness of its deeply-shadowed avenues, inhale the pure fragrance of its thousand shrubberies, and thrill anew with undefinable delight at the deep hollow note of the church bell, breaking each hour with sullen and sudden roar, upon the stillness of the dusky atmosphere in which the fretted Gothic steeple lay embedded and asleep."

In 1822 he returned to America, and entered the University of Charlottesville. Here he was distinguished for ability, but still more for gambling, drunkenness, and other vices, which led to his being expelled. Mr. Allan had given him a very liberal allowance of money while at the University, but the reckless lad ran deeply in debt. He paid some large sums which he had lost in gambling, with drafts upon Mr. Allan; and Mr. Allan having refused to pay these, the ungrateful young man wrote him an insulting letter, and set off for Europe with the avowed intention of joining the Greek army, which was at that time engaged in war with the Turks. He never reached Greece; but, after having disappeared for a year, he turned up at St. Petersburg, where the

American Minister saved him from the penalties which he had incurred in some drunken brawl.

He came back once more to America; and Mr. Allan, with extraordinary forbearance, once more received him kindly; and as Poe now expressed a desire to enter the army, he procured him admission to the Military Academy. Experience had taught poor Poe no wisdom; and, persevering in his vicious practices, in ten months he was cashiered and expelled.

Mr. Allan's patience was not yet exhausted; he again received the reckless scapegrace as a son. But there is a limit to all human endurance, and in a few months Poe was finally cast off by him. The first Mrs. Allan had died some time before, and Mr. Allan had married a young lady who, Poe assures us, might, as regards age, have been his grandchild. In that case, as Mr. Allan was just forty-eight, she must have been very young indeed. Poe's biographer insinuates that the last unpardonable provocation which led to Poe's final exclusion from Mr. Allan's house, was in some way connected with this lady; and the writer of an eulogium on Poe in an American newspaper, says that the circumstances of the case

"throw a dark shade on the quarrel and a very ugly light on Poe's character. We shall not insert the story, because it is one of those relations which we think, with Sir Thomas Browne, should never be recorded. For of sins heteroclital, and such as want name or precedent, there is oftentimes a sin even in their history. We desire no record of enormities: sins should be accounted new."

Perhaps it would have been better plainly to have stated wherein this last offence consisted. It is certain that the mysterious way in which the biography passes it by, as something too bad to be recorded, is calculated to damage Poe's reputation as much as any record of facts could do so. It is certain, too, that the offence was such as finally to exhaust the patience of a benefactor who had repeatedly forgiven every possible form of recklessness, debauchery, and insolence; and when Mr. Allan died in 1834, he left his fortune to his children by his second marriage, but not a farthing to Poe.

From the time that he was finally cast off by Mr. Allan, Poe sought to support himself

by literature; and the remainder of his life is the melancholy story of a hack-writer's struggle for existence. At an early age he had published a little volume of poetry, which ran through several editions; but when he first began to depend upon his contributions to the periodical press he was very unsuccessful. He had not steadiness to persevere in spite of discouragement; and he enlisted in the army as a common soldier. He was soon recognized by some officers who had been with him at the Military Academy, and efforts were made to get him a commission. Just as these promised to be successful, it was found that he had deserted.

He disappeared for awhile. After some months, a prize was offered by the publisher of a Baltimore newspaper for the best tale. On the committee which was to award the prize, meeting, the members of it were struck by the beauty of the handwriting of one of the tales offered in competition. And without reading any other of the manuscripts on which they were called to adjudicate, these upright and honorable judges resolved, in a mere whim, that the prize should be given to "the first of geniuses who had written legibly." The award was published on the 12th October, 1833; and the successful competitor proved to be Poe. Mr. Griswold's description of his appearance when he came to receive the prize, gives us some notion of the state to which he had been reduced:

"Accordingly he was introduced; the prize-money had not yet been paid; and he was in the costume in which he had answered the advertisement of his good fortune. Thin, and pale even to ghastliness, his whole appearance indicated sickness and the utmost destitution. A well-worn frock-coat concealed the absence of a shirt, and imperfect boots disclosed the want of hose. But the eyes of the young man were luminous with intelligence and feeling, and his voice and conversation and manners all won upon the lawyer's regard. Poe told his history and his ambition; and it was determined that he should not want means for a suitable appearance in society, nor opportunity for a just display of his abilities in literature. Mr. Kennedy accompanied him to a clothing store, and purchased for him a respectable suit, with changes of linen, and sent him to a bath, from which he returned with the suddenly regained style of a gentleman."

His newly found friends were much interested in him, and lost no opportunity of serving him. They procured him literary occupation sufficient for his support; and in 1835 he was appointed editor of a journal published at Richmond, in Virginia. Down to this time he was compelled by actual necessity to lead a sober life; but upon receiving his first month's salary as editor, he relapsed into his old habits. For a week, Mr. Griswold tells us, "he was in a condition of brutish drunkenness," and his dismissal followed. When he became sober, he made many professions of repentance; and Mr. White, the proprietor of the journal, agreed to give him another trial, with the understanding "that all engagements on his part should cease the moment Poe got drunk." Poe did get drunk at intervals, "drinking till his senses were lost;" but Mr. White struggled on with him for upwards of a year. At the end of that time Poe was finally dismissed. While holding his precarious place at Richmond, and with a very scanty income, he had married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, an amiable and beautiful girl, but quite devoid of that firmness of character which was requisite in the wife of such a man.

He went from Richmond to Baltimore, and thence to Philadelphia and New York, trusting for support to his chances of success as a magazine writer and newspaper correspondent. In May, 1829, he became editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* of Philadelphia, and made a vigorous effort to begin a regular life. But moral stamina was entirely wanting, and before the close of summer he relapsed into his former courses; "and for weeks was regardless of every thing but a morbid and insatiable appetite for the means of intoxication." The magazine was conducted in the most irregular way; its proprietor on several occasions returning from some days absence from home, after the day of publication was past, to find the magazine unfinished and Poe senselessly drunk.

The story of Poe's connection with several other periodicals might be told in the same words. In the autumn of 1844, he removed to New York. It was during his residence in Philadelphia that Mr. Griswold became acquainted with him. He says—

"Poe's manner, except during his fits of intoxication, was very quiet and gentlemanly; he was usually dressed with simplicity and elegance; and when once he sent for me to visit him, during a period of illness caused by protracted and anxious watching at the side of his sick wife, I was impressed by the singular neatness and the air of refinement in his home. It was in a small house, in one of the pleasant and silent neighborhoods far from the centre of the town, and though slightly and cheaply furnished, every thing in it was so tasteful, and so fitly disposed, that it seemed altogether suitable for a man of genius. For, this, and for most of the comforts he enjoyed in his brightest as in his darkest years, he was chiefly indebted to his mother-in-law, who loved him with more than maternal devotion and constancy."

Poe arrived at New York with a high literary reputation. He had by this time written his most successful tales; and soon after coming to New York, he published his remarkable poem, *The Raven*, of which Mr. Willis has said, that—

"It is the most effective single example of fugitive poetry ever published in this country, and is unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift."

About this time he also wrote his well-known story, entitled *The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar*; in which he gives a shockingly circumstantial and minute description of the use of mesmerism in the case of a dying man. This piece was translated into many languages; and caused much curious speculation in the philosophical world.

In October, 1845, he became the proprietor and editor of the New York *Broadway Journal*. His irregular habits rendered him quite unfit for such a position; and the last number of the journal was published at the close of the same year. He made some engagements to deliver public lectures, one to read a poem before the Boston Lyceum; but he was generally drunk when the period for fulfilling these engagements arrived. We have some curious specimens of the tone in which literary criticism is conducted in America, in a controversy into which Poe got at this time with a certain Dr. Dunn English. Poe had published, as one of a series of sketches called *The Literati of*

New York City, an article reviewing the career of Dr. English, which Mr. Griswold admits was "entirely false in what purported to be its facts." Dr. English retorted by publishing an account of Poe's life and character, very much to the disadvantage of the latter; and wound up his article by a declaration that upon several occasions he had given Poe a sound horse-whipping. Poe returned to the charge in a paper which a New York journal was found willing to publish, in which, among other elegances of phrase, he describes Dr. English's attack upon himself as "*oozing from the filthy lips of which a lie is the only natural language!*"

But Poe was now sinking fast into lower depths of infamy. Witness the following:

"On one occasion he borrowed fifty dollars from a distinguished literary woman of South Carolina, promising to return it in a few days. When he failed to do so, and was asked for a written acknowledgement of the debt that might be exhibited to the husband of the friend who had thus served him, he denied all knowledge of it, and threatened to exhibit a correspondence which he said would make the woman infamous, if she said any thing more on the subject. Of course there never had been any such correspondence. But when Poe heard that a brother of the slandered party was in quest of him for the purpose of taking satisfaction, he sent for Dr. Francis, and induced him to carry to that gentleman his retraction and apology, with a statement which seemed true enough at the moment, that Poe was out of his head."

And Mr. Griswold tells us that those familiar with Poe's career can recall too many similar anecdotes.

In the autumn of 1846 the New York *Express* contained an appeal to the public on behalf of Poe and his wife, who were now at Fordham, some miles from the city, in want of the common necessities of life. Mr. N. P. Willis seconded this appeal by a generous paper in the *Home Journal*; and the contributions which flowed in relieved Poe's necessities for the time. His wife died a few weeks later; and magazine writing, as before, occupied him till the beginning of 1848. Early in that year he delivered, before a brilliant auditory at New York, his extraordinary discourse upon the Cosmogony of the Universe, which he called *Eureka, a Prose Poem*. He utterly denied in it the value of the inductive philosophy, and pro-

posed to construct a theory of nature which should be dictated merely by "that divinest instinct, the sense of beauty." His views, we need hardly say, in so far as they can be reduced to comprehensibility, are the most preposterous rubbish.

In August, 1849, Poe went from New York to Philadelphia. Here, for several days, he abandoned himself to excesses so shocking, that his biographer leaves them to be imagined. Reduced to actual beggary, he asked in charity the means of leaving the city, and proceeded to Richmond, in Virginia. Here he seems to have awakened to the degradation of his position; and he made a last desperate effort to begin a new life. He joined a teetotal society and for several weeks conducted himself with perfect propriety. He delivered two lectures in several of the towns of Virginia. He became engaged to marry a lady whom he had known in his youth, and who certainly evinced much greater courage than discretion in forming an engagement so perilous; and he wrote to his friends that he was about to settle for the remainder of his days amid the scenes where he had passed his youth. We give the conclusion of the miserable history in Mr. Griswold's word's:

"On Thursday, the 4th of October, he set out for New York to fulfil a literary engagement, and to prepare for his marriage. Arriving in Baltimore, he gave his trunk to a porter, with directions to convey it to the cars which were to start in an hour or two for Philadelphia, and went into a tavern to obtain some refreshment. Here he met acquaintances who invited him to drink; all his resolutions and duties were forgotten; in a few hours he was in such a state as is commonly induced only by long-continued intoxication. After a night of insanity and exposure he was carried to an hospital, and there, on the evening of Sunday the 7th of October, 1849, he died, at the age of thirty-eight years."

Thus perished one of the most singular geniuses which America has produced. From the very beginning of his career there seems to have been some insane infatuation upon him. He was bad and wretched throughout. Through his whole life there never was a time when, for more than two or three weeks, he promised to become any thing better. His sky never brightened. We feel that it would have been his salvation to have been put under some external control; he was

not fit to be his own master. His will was in complete abeyance. Still, his genius ought not to be suffered to blind us to his guilt. Among the vulgar victims of drunkenness, there is probably not one who cannot declare, as truthfully as Poe could have declared, that he is absolutely a slave to that degrading vice, and that the most honest efforts cannot emancipate him. Let us be thankful that it does not rest with any human tribunal to decide how far such a man is responsible to eternal justice. It is plain that, as regards human laws, even the hereditary victim of an invincible tendency must be held as sufficiently free to be accountable.

There is nothing of the *lues Boswelliana* about Mr. Griswold. He states with the greatest frankness the sins and scandals of the man who entrusted to him the vindication of a memory which sorely needed vindicating, if it were possible. It is curious, indeed, how little pains the biographer takes to conceal the shortcomings of his hero. He appears to have felt that any attempt to have done so would have been vain. He says:

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a common and an honorable sentiment, but its proper application would lead to the suppression of the histories of half of the most conspicuous of mankind. In this case it would be impossible on account of the notoriety of Mr. Poe's faults; and it would be unjust to the living, against whom his hands were always raised, and who had no resort but in his outlawry from their sympathies."

Mr. Griswold tells us that Poe was as deficient in literary honesty as in truthfulness in the ordinary relations of life. "Some of his plagiarisms are scarcely paralleled for their audacity in all literary history." Several of his most striking tales borrowed their entire machinery from the writings of English authors. He got possession of a manuscript poem by Mr. Longfellow, and much to the astonishment of that pleasing author, he published it, with some slight alteration, as his own. Longfellow having found fault with this appropriation, and having printed the piece with his own name, Poe, with extraordinary audacity, accused Longfellow of having stolen the poem from himself, and followed up the charge with "malignant criticism for many years." He must have presumed a good deal upon American ignorance of English literature,

when he published as his own a good deal of the prose of Coleridge. But his most remarkable plagiarism consisted in publishing at Philadelphia, as original, a work on Conchology, which was a reprint, almost verbatim, of *The Text-book of Conchology*, by Captain Thomas Brown; printed in Glasgow in 1833. Such dishonesty rarely fails of being discovered. The book was received with such unmistakable disapprobation, that in a second edition Poe's name was withdrawn from the title-page, and his initials only affixed to the preface.

As a critic, Mr. Griswold recommends us to attach little weight to the opinions expressed by Poe:—

"His criticisms are of value to the degree in which they are demonstrative; but his unsupported assertions and opinions were so apt to be influenced by friendship or enmity, by the desire to please or the fear to offend, or by his constant ambition to surprise, or to produce a sensation, that they should be received in all cases with distrust of their fairness. A volume might be filled with literary judgments by him as antagonistic and inconsistent as the sharpest antitheses."

Poe's vanity was extraordinary. He preserved with care every thing that was published respecting himself and his works, and all letters of a complimentary character. In 1843, he wrote for a Philadelphia newspaper a sketch of his own life, "many parts of which," says Mr. Griswold, "are untrue." In particular, it contained several laudatory remarks upon Poe's writings, purporting to be by Mr. Washington Irving, and Miss E. B. Barrett, now Mrs. Browning. It is melancholy to think that this laudatory character was given them, by grossly perverting them from the sense in which Mrs. Browning and Mr. Irving wrote. Mrs. Browning had written to Poe that her husband was *struck much* by the rhythm of *The Raven*; poor Poe published, as an extract from Mrs. Browning's letter, that "Mr. Browning is *enthusiastic in his admiration* of the rhythm." To such wretched shifts did this unhappy genius stoop, in the hope of adding to his reputation.

Mr. Griswold sums up his account of Poe in the following words:

"He was at all times a dreamer, dwelling in ideal realms, in heaven or in hell, peopled with the creatures and accidents of his brain. He walked the streets, in madness

or melancholy, with lips moving in indistinct curses, or with eyes upturned in passionate prayer (never for himself, for he felt, or professed to feel, that he was already damned, but) for their happiness who at the moment were the objects of his idolatry; or with his glances introverted to a heart gnawed with anguish, and with a face shrouded in gloom, he would brave the wildest storms, and all night, with drenched garments, and arms beating the winds and rains, would speak as if to spirits that at such times only could be evoked by him from the Aidenn, close by whose portals his disturbed soul sought to forget the ills to which his constitution subjected him—close by the Aidenn where were those he loved—the Aidenn which he might never see, but in fitful glimpses, as its gates opened to receive the less fiery and more happy natures whose destiny to sin did not involve the doom of death."

We have said we believe that Poe is little known or appreciated on this side of the Atlantic; but in America there appears to be perfect unanimity of opinion both as to the nature and the rank of his genius. He was a true poet, though he wrote but little poetry; and his more successful pieces in verse produce an impression akin to that produced by nearly all his prose. His power was confined almost entirely to the region of the awful, the mysterious, and the horrible; and it seems as if his works, in their tone and coloring, were the faithful reflection of his own ordinary mood and order of thought. We know that, in many cases, the tone of a man's writing's is no index whatever to his ordinary temperament. It is trite now-a-days to say that some of the most laughter-moving authors have been very melancholy men; while some writers, whose works are distinguished by the most overdrawn sentiment, have been extremely prosaic in their real life. The author of *The Man of Feeling* was one of the hardest-headed of Scotch lawyers; and when Goethe wrote *The Sorrows of Werter*, he had a keen eye to business, and was extremely fond of a good dinner. But in the case of Poe there seems to have been a real consistency between the tone of his writings and that of his usual feeling and thought. The dreary, ghastly, and appalling fancies of which his tales are for the most part made up, seem to have been a faithful reflection of his own dreary, ghastly, and appalling thoughts.

We have said that he wrote but little poetry. He was compelled by the exigencies of his life to produce such literary material as might procure the daily bread. He wrote verse very slowly, and his best poems are finished with extraordinary care; though the wonderful flow of his rhythm has nothing of the constraint of visible elaboration. It is curious to observe his anxiety to do away the impression that his verse was composed under the influence of any thing like poetic inspiration. He gives us, in one of his prose pieces, a most minute account of the process by which he built up his most popular poem, *The Raven*. It is so seldom that a poet is found willing to admit his readers behind the scenes, and to explain to them the nature of the machinery by which his effects are produced, that we shall give some account of this paper, which is called *The Philosophy of Composition*.

Poe appears desirous to exhibit every cord and pulley, every sheet of daubed canvas, and every trap-door in his theatre; and to assure us that the sulphureous glare thrown over the whole picture is nothing more than a red light in a scene-shifter's hand:

"For my own part (he says) I have no desire that it should be understood that I compose by a species of fine frenzy—an ecstatic intuition; nor have I at any time the least difficulty in recalling to mind the progressive steps of any of my compositions; and since the interest of an analysis or reconstruction, such as I have considered a *desideratum*, is quite independent of any real or fancied interest in the thing analyzed, it will not be regarded as a breach of decorum on my part to show the *modus operandi* by which some of my own works were put together. I select *The Raven*, as most generally known. It is my design to render it manifest that no one point in its composition is referable either to accident or intuition; that the work proceeded, step by step, to its completion, with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem."

We shall give the several steps of the process by which, as its author assures us, *The Raven* was turned out.

First, for certain reasons not mentioned, he was particularly anxious to write a poem which would suit at once the popular and the critical taste.

The question then came to be, How long should a poem be, in order to its producing

the greatest possible impression? The conclusion was, that it should be so brief as to be easily read at a sitting; more minutely, that it ought to consist of about a hundred lines. *The Raven* actually consists of a hundred and eight.

The next question was, What sort of impression was most likely to be most generally and deeply felt? And the conclusion came to was, that for many reasons, stated somewhat prolixly, it must be an impression of sadness; the poem must be of a melancholy tone.

The poet next considered whether there was any "artistic piquancy" that might be introduced into the structure of the proposed poem, with the view of intensifying its effect? And after some reflection, he concluded that there was nothing which was so suitable for this purpose as the employment of the *refrain*.

For full effect, the *refrain* must be brief; and that its application might be varied, while literally it remained unaltered, it was convenient that it should consist of a single word. The use of the *refrain* implied that the poem should be divided into stanzas.

What was the *refrain* to be? It must be sonorous and emphatic. Then the long *o* is the most sonorous vowel, in connection with *r* as the most producible consonant. These considerations immediately suggested the word *Nevermore*.

How was *Nevermore* to be brought in at the close of each stanza? It would be awkward to have a single word monotonously repeated by a reasonable being. The *refrain* must therefore be uttered by a non-reasoning creature capable of speech. A parrot was thought of first, but a raven appeared more in keeping with the tone of the intended poem.

Now, gathering up his conclusions, Poe tells us he found that he had arrived at "the conception of a raven, a bird of ill omen, monotonously repeating the one word *Nevermore* at the conclusion of each stanza, in a poem of melancholy tone, and in length about one hundred lines."

Next came the inquiry, What is the saddest of all subjects? The answer was, Death. And when is this melancholy subject most poetical? When most closely allied to Beauty. The subject of the poem must therefore be the death of a beautiful

woman. And, as a further step, a bereaved lover is the fittest person to speak on such a subject.

Combine now the ideas of a lover lamenting his mistress, and a Raven repeating continuously *Nevermore*. Let the lover begin by a commonplace query, to which the Raven should thus answer: then a query less commonplace: then another query: till at last, half in superstition and half in self-torture, he goes on to put questions whose solution he has passionately at heart, "receiving a frenzied pleasure in so modelling his questions as to obtain from the expected *Nevermore* the most delicious because the most intolerable of sorrow." The last uttered *Nevermore* must involve the utmost conceivable amount of sorrow and despair. And at this point in the induction, Poe assures us that he first "put pen to paper," and wrote the stanza:

"'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore,'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'"

This stanza was to form the climax of the poem; and no other was permitted to be so vigorous.

Originality in the rhythm and metre was also aimed at. And the author flattered himself that "nothing even remotely approaching" the stanza of *The Raven* "has ever been attempted."

Where were the Raven and the lover to meet? Not in the fields, for "*circumscription of space* is absolutely necessary to the effect of insulated incident;—it has the force of a frame to a picture." The meeting must be in the lover's chamber, which must be richly furnished.

The Raven must enter by the window. The night must be stormy. The bird must alight on a bust of Pallas—for contrast of marble and plumage,—because the lover is a scholar,—and because the name *Pallas* sounds well.

The narrative part of the poem being completed, two concluding stanzas are added, which serve to cast a meaning upon all that

has gone before. The Raven becomes emblematical; "but it is not till the last line of the last stanza that the intention of making him emblematical of *mournful and never-ending remembrance* is permitted distinctly to be seen: "

"And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting,
still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—never more!"

Had Poe been a person so reliable that we could feel assured that such was indeed the genesis of this celebrated poem, there would be much interest in the account of it which he gives us. For although it by no means follows that the process by which the mind of one man of genius matures a fine work, from the dawn of its first crude conception to the hour when it is finally turned out, *totus, teres, et rotundus* shall be the same as that by which another man of equal genius should produce a similar piece of work; still it would be curious to know, from the confession of an author as intensely truthful as Dr. Arnold, for instance, how it was that some admirable poem which bears with it all the marks of the true poetic inspiration, was conceived, condensed, and elaborated. Unfortunately, in Poe's case we have not the slightest assurance that there is a syllable of truth in the long story he has told us, beyond that which may be afforded by the story's internal evidence of truthfulness. It is quite certain that if he thought it likely to "create a sensation" in the public mind, Poe would have related the particulars with equal circumstantiality although they had been entirely false. We must rest therefore, altogether on the internal evidence which may be afforded by the narrative itself; and it appears to us that the ostentatious parade of reasons,—the affectation of strict logical sequence in all the steps of the process of manufacturing the poem,—are characteristics directly the contrary of those which we might expect in a true narrative, and bear a most suspicious resemblance to those of the highly circumstantial fictitious tales which proceeded from Poe's pen. The story, in

short, is physiologically absurd and improbable in itself; and it derives no weight from the author's character which may counter-vail its own unlikelihood. We believe that Poe, like all other authors, would have found it extremely hard to lay down the progressive steps by which any of his works was matured. We believe that nothing can be more anomalous or fortuitous than the manner in which this end is reached in various cases; the conception sometimes breaking sharply and suddenly upon the mental view, and at other times first looming indistinctly as a mountain through morning mist, and gradually settling into vivid outline and detail.

There is a good deal of mannerism in Poe's versification. He is very fond of making use of the *refrain*; and he sometimes lingers on the same lines and cadences in a way which palls upon the ear. The poem entitled *The Bells* sets out with a peculiar music of its own; but before its close, it has degenerated into something almost like nursery rhymes. Here is its first stanza:—

"Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody fore-
tells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells."

The second stanza is given to wedding bells, the third to alarum bells, the fourth to bells tolled for the dead. It will require an admiration of Poe's poetry more enthusiastic than ours, to discern any thing but jingle and absurdity in the latter lines of this fourth verse. The "King of the Ghouls," it appears, "dances and yells,"

"To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
Bells, bells, bells,
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells."

The flow of all Poe's verses is remarkable for ease and gracefulness: it is hardly ever hampered by the difficulties of rhyme and rhythm which exist to a great degree in the metres of which he makes use. The stanzas which we have already quoted from *The Raven* have afforded those readers who are not familiar with the poem some notion of the singular character of its measure. We shall quote another specimen of it:

"But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid
bust spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word
he did outpour:
Nothing farther then he uttered; not a feather
then he fluttered,—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, 'Other
friends have flown before,—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes
have flown before.'
Then the bird said, 'Never more.'

"Startled at the stillness broken by reply so
aptly spoken,
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only
stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom
unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs
one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy
burden bore,
Of 'Never, Nevermore.'"

Of the four large volumes which contain Poe's works, only a small portion of one is taken up by his poetry. *That* occupies no more than one hundred pages out of two thousand. The first volume consists of tales: the second contains the poetry, *Eureka*, one or two critical papers, and tales: the third volume is occupied by short critical sketches of almost all the authors of America, and of a few English authors, among whom are Macaulay, Dickens, Lever, and Mrs. Brown-ing. The fourth volume contains a most shocking and repulsive tale of shipwreck and starvation at sea, entitled *Arthur Gordon Pym*; and more tales of a similar character to those in the preceding volumes. *Arthur Gordon Pym* is Poe's only attempt at a narrative of any length.

Mr. Griswold has forewarned us not to attach much weight to any of Poe's critical opinions; and a perusal of his critical essays leads us to the belief that his ability did not at all lie in that way. They are almost entirely taken up by minute verbal fault-finding: there is hardly any thing like the discussion of principles; and many of the

papers are evidently dictated by personal spite, and afford us a very unfavorable notion of the tone of American journalism. It is to be hoped that Poe's writings are not a fair specimen of the courtesy, or lack of courtesy, with which literary men across the Atlantic are wont to speak or write of one another. Of the editor of a rival magazine, Poe remarks—

"Mr. Brown had, for the motto on his magazine cover, the words of Richelieu,

"—Men call me cruel,—
I am not;—I am just."

"Here the two monosyllables 'an ass' should have been appended. They were no doubt omitted through one of those d—d typographical blunders which through life, have been at once the bane, and antidote of Mr. Brown.—(Vol. III. pp. 103-4.)

Equally unsatisfactory are the glimpses of American manners with which these critical papers furnish us. The following is Poe's account of a certain John W. Francis, whom Poe evidently regarded as a very Chesterfield:

"His address is the most genial that can be conceived—its *bonhomie* irresistible. He never waits for an introduction to anybody; slaps a perfect stranger on the back, and calls him 'doctor' or 'learned Theban'; pats every lady on the head, and (if she be pretty and *petite*) designates her by some such title as 'My Pocket Edition of the Lives of the Saints!'"

But Poe's great power lay in writing tales, which rank in a class by themselves, and have their characteristics strongly defined. They inculcate no moral lesson; they delineate no character; they are utterly away from nature or experience: their sole end is to interest and excite; and this end is aimed at for the most part by the use of all the appliances of horror. They are sometimes extremely coarse in taste, though never impure in morality. They are often calculated to jar on all human feeling; and when read they leave an indescribably *eerie* and strange impression upon the mind. Yet they possess such interest as spell-binds the reader; and if read alone and late at night, we venture to say that one could as readily shake off the nightmare as pause in the middle of one of these appalling narratives. There are some humorous tales, which were generally very unsuccessful; though, the

effect of the serious is often heightened by the infusion of a grotesque and maniac mirth. Monk Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe are nowhere in the race with Poe. His imagination was so vivid that he appears to have seen all the horrors he describes; and he sets them before his readers with such terrible graphic power that no nervous person should read his works except by broad daylight, and with a whole family in the room. He gives all his narratives an extraordinary verisimilitude by a circumstantiality of detail which surpasses that of *Robinson Crusoe* or *Sir Edward Seaward*; and although the relation is almost always extravagant and impossible, one needs occasionally to pause and recollect, to avoid being carried away by the air of truthfulness and simplicity with which the story is told. Sometimes the interest is made to depend on following up a close chain of reasoning; and often we find that description of magnificence and that gloating over imaginary wealth which are not unusual in the writings of men possessing a rich fancy amid the *res angusta domi*. And at all times the language in which the description or the narrative is carried on is almost unparalleled for its exquisite clearness, precision, and nerve.

We have already alluded to a piece entitled *The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar*, as one which excited great interest when it was published, and which was translated into almost all the languages of Europe. It is an example of the author's power of balancing an extraordinary and impossible narrative, by an appearance of anxiety to tell the simple truth, and by minute circumstantiality in narrating it, which led to the story being very generally believed.

M. Valdemar, a friend of Poe, was in the last stage of consumption. For some months, Poe had been anxious for an opportunity of mesmerizing some person in the act of death; and having told this to M. Valdemar, the latter at once agreed that the operation might be tried upon himself, and promised to send a message to Poe twenty-four hours before the time announced by the physicians as that of his decease.

One day Poe received a note from M. Valdemar that he could not hold out beyond to-morrow midnight. He immediately hastened to the dying man's chamber. This

was on Saturday evening, and the medical men declared that M. Valdemar would probably die about midnight on Sunday. Valdemar was still desirous of being mesmerized; and it was arranged that Poe, with a friend (one Mr. Theodore L——) should come to him on Sunday evening at eight o'clock. This friend was to take notes of all that should pass.

On Sunday evening accordingly, M. Valdemar was mesmerized, being then in the last stage of physical exhaustion. The process was completed *about midnight*. He remained in the mesmeric state till three a.m. Poe then asked him, "M. Valdemar, are you asleep?" In an audible whisper the answer was returned, "Asleep now,—I am dying." The same answer was given still more faintly a few minutes later. The physicians thought it best that he should remain in this tranquil state till death should supervene, which they anticipated in a few minutes.

Poe repeated his question, "Are you asleep?" Even as he spoke a ghastly change passed over Valdemar, which is described with horrible minuteness. He was dead; and his friends were turning away, leaving him to the nurses.

"Concluding that he was dead, we were turning away, when a strong vibratory motion was observable in the tongue. This continued for perhaps a minute. At the expiration of that period, there issued from the distended and motionless jaws a voice—such as it would be madness in me to attempt describing. There are, indeed, two or three epithets which might be considered as applicable to it in part; I might say, for example, that the sound was harsh and broken and hollow; but the hideous whole is indescribable, for the simple reason that no similar sounds have ever jarred upon the ear of humanity. There were two particulars, nevertheless, which I thought then, and still think, might fairly be stated as characteristic of the intonation—as well adapted to convey some idea of its unearthly peculiarity. In the first place, the voice appeared to reach our ears—at least mine—from a vast distance, or from some deep cavern within the earth. In the second place, it impressed me as gelatinous or glutinous matters impress the sense of touch.

"I have spoken both of sound and of voice. I mean to say that the sound was one of distinct—of even wonderfully, thrillingly distinct—syllabification. M. Valde-

mar *spoke*—obviously in reply to the question I had propounded to him a few minutes before. I asked him, it will be remembered, if he still slept. He now said—

"Yes—no—I *have been* sleeping; and now—and now—I *am dead*."

"No person present even affected to deny, or attempted to repress, the unutterable, shuddering horror which these few words, thus uttered, were so well calculated to convey. Mr. L—— swooned. The nurses immediately left the chamber, and could not be induced to return."

In this condition, dead, yet still held in a strange connection with Poe by the mesmeric influence, M. Valdemar continued for *seven months*. Death was so far arrested. At the end of that time it was resolved to awaken him. Poe made the necessary passes, and then said—

"M. Valdemar, can you explain to us what are your feelings or wishes now?"

"There was an instant return of the hectic circles on the cheeks; the tongue quivered, or rather rolled violently in the mouth, though the jaws and lips remained rigid as before. At length the same hideous voice which I have already described broke forth:

"For God's sake, quick! quick!—put me to sleep,—or quick! waken me!—quick!—*I say to you that I am dead!*"

"I was thoroughly unnerved, and for an instant remained undecided what to do. At first I made an endeavor to recompose the patient; but failing in this, I retraced my steps, and earnestly struggled to awaken him. In this attempt I soon saw that I should be successful, and I am sure that all in the room were prepared to see the patient awaken.

"For what really occurred, however, it is quite impossible that any human being could have been prepared.

"As I rapidly made the mesmeric passes, amid ejaculations of 'Dead! dead!' actually *bursting* from the tongue, and not from the lips of the sufferer, his whole frame at once—within the space of a single minute, or even less—shrunk, crumbled, actually rotted away beneath my hands. Upon the bed, before that whole company, there lay a nearly liquid mass of loathsome—of detestable putrescence."

One of Poe's most striking tales is entitled *A Descent into the Maelström*. It is told, like most of his stories, in the first person. In company with an old Norwegian fisherman, the writer tells us he climbed to the top of an enormous crag upon the coast

of Lofoden, commanding an extensive sea-view :

" We had caught no glimpse of the sea until it had burst upon us from the summit. As the old man spoke, I became aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie ; and at the same moment I perceived that what seamen call the *chopping* character of the ocean beneath us, was rapidly changing into a current which set to the eastward. Even while I gazed, this current acquired a monstrous velocity. In five minutes, the whole sea, as far as Vurrgh, was lashed into ungovernable fury ; but it was between Moskoe and the coast that the main uproar held its sway. Here the vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into a frenzied convulsion—heaving, boiling, hissing—gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes, except in precipitous descents.

" In a few minutes more there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and the whirlpools one by one disappeared, while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent where none had been seen before. These streaks at length, spreading out to a great distance and entering into combination, took unto themselves the gyratory motion of the subsided vortices, and seemed to form the germ of another more vast. Suddenly—very suddenly—this assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray ; but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice, half shriek, half roar, such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to heaven.

" The mountain trembled to its very base, and the rock rocked. I threw myself upon my face, and clung to the scant herbage in an excess of nervous agitation.

" ' This,' said I, at length, to the old man, — this *can* be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the Maelström. ' "

The old man goes on to tell how he himself, in a little schooner, with two of his brothers, had been sucked into this tremen-

dous whirl, the description of which given by Poe is, we need hardly tell our readers, very greatly exaggerated. It appears that, at the turn of the tide, the whirl ceases for a few minutes, and venturesome fishermen sometimes run the risk, when the wind is fair and strong, of pushing right across the Maelström. A great round is thus saved, and the finest fish are taken in extraordinary quantity. The old man's watch had upon one occasion run down, and miscalculating the time, he and his brothers steered their little craft right upon the whirlpool. A terrible storm had uprisen suddenly, and the ström was in its most fearful power.

After flying before the wind, the schooner, on reaching the belt of the foam which surrounds the whirl, suddenly turned off to one side, and flew round with tremendous velocity.

" How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible for me to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the centre of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. At length we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

" As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them—while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased ; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage and looked once again upon the scene.

" Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration, with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun round, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance which they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from the circular rift among the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the innermost recesses of the abyss.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search out the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which every thing there was enveloped. This mist or spray was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom; but the yell that went up to the heavens out of that abyss, I dare not venture to describe.

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony in which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I must have been delirious, for I even sought amusement in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents to the foam below. 'This fir-tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing to plunge and disappear;' and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before it."

While in this position, the old fisherman began to observe that the lighter objects in the whirl, such as casks, were much longer in sliding down the slope of the funnel than heavy objects such as the schooner. This afforded him some hope of escape. He therefore lashed himself to a cask and threw himself into the water, hoping that he might not be plunged into the abyss below before the turn of the tide:

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it would be. It might have been an hour or thereabout, after my quitting the schooner, when, having descended to a vast distance below me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and for ever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the place where I leaped overboard, when a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momentarily less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew, gradually, less and less violent. By degrees the froth and the mist

disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the wind had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoeström had been."

Of all Poe's tales, the one which he himself esteemed most highly, is that entitled *Ligeia*. It is one of several which stand distinguished from his other tales by a peculiar character. In it, as in all his more powerful writings, the effect left on the mind is a feeling of awe and horror; but this feeling is in *Ligeia* produced by metaphysical means. Instead of the physical terror of the story of M. Valdemar, or the circumstantial dread of such a tale as the *Descent into the Maelström*, we find in *Ligeia* and several other pieces, strange and daring plunges into regions of speculation which thrill us with a sense of the forbidden, —as though prying into Nature's mysteries in a fashion not meet for man. The story is as follows: it is told, like most of the others, in the first person; the writer apparently having lost his own identity in the temporary conviction of the truth of what he tells.

Accordingly the constantly-recurring I had married the Lady Ligeia, having met her in some old decaying city on the Rhine. There was always something strange about her: her husband never knew what was her paternal name. Her eyes had an expression which suggested, in a fashion which bewildered, dim remembrances of some pre-existent state. Her beauty and learning were equally great: but her main characteristic was her tremendous strength of will.

She gradually faded, in early youth; but this wonderful volition appeared to struggle at every step with advancing death. She "wrestled with the advancing shadow with a desperate fierceness of resistance." She was resolved that she would not leave her husband; she was determined that she *would not die*. Death came, notwithstanding; but in the last moment of life she sprang upon her feet and shrieked aloud those strangely-suggestive words of Joseph Glanvill, "*Man doth not yield himself to the angels, nor to death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will.*" She sank down, exhausted; and as she breathed her last sigh,

her husband heard a low murmur come from her lips. He bent his ear to them, and heard the same words repeated.

The husband sank into a morbid state, described with great power; but after some time he again married. The dwelling where he and his wife lived, and the appearance of their chamber, are described with more than Poe's usual power of exciting a creeping sensation of awe. Mysterious sounds and footsteps were heard about that chamber. Strange shadows from invisible figures were cast upon its floor. After several mysterious fits of illness the second wife died, and her husband watched at night beside her shrouded form.

As he sat he heard a low sob come from the bed of death. He watched in an agony of superstitious terror. After some minutes a feeble tinge of color began to flush the dead face. The husband thought that life was not gone, and used every means of restoring it. But in a very short time all signs of life had disappeared, and the body lay more dead in appearance than ever.

An hour passed, and a sigh was again heard from the bed. The lips trembled and parted. A partial glow came over the forehead and cheek; the heart feebly beat. The husband chafed and bathed temples and hands, and used every exertion which no little medical reading could suggest. But in vain. Suddenly the color fled, and the pulsation ceased; and in an instant the body assumed the appearance of that which has for many days been buried.

Through that unspeakably horrible night, "time after time, until near the period of the grey dawn, this hideous drama of revivification was repeated; each terrific relapse was only into a sterner and apparently more irredeemable death; each agony wore the aspect of a struggle with some invisible foe; and each struggle was preceded by, I know not what, of wild change in the personal appearance of the corpse."

Once more, as dawn approached, rising from a more appalling and hopeless dissolution than any before it, the dead stirred with a more vigorous life. The hues of life flushed up, the limbs relaxed; and "rising from the bed, tottering with feeble steps, with closed eyes, and with the manner of one bewildered in a dream, the thing that was enshrouded advanced boldly and palpably into

the middle of the apartment." We give the rest in the writer's words:

"I trembled not; I stirred not; for a crowd of unutterable fancies connected with the air, the stature, the demeanor, of the figure, rushing through my brain, had paralyzed—had chilled me into stone. I stirred not, but gazed upon the apparition. There was a mad disorder in my thoughts—a tumult unappeasable. Could it indeed be the living Rowena who confronted me? Could it indeed be Rowena *at all*—the fair-haired, blue-eyed, Lady Rowena? Then, *why* should I doubt it? The bandage lay heavily about the mouth; but then might it not be the mouth of the breathing Lady of Tremaine? And the cheeks,—there were the roses as in her noon of life—yet these might be the fair cheeks of the living Lady of Tremaine. But *had she then grown taller since her malady?* What inexpressible madness seized me with that thought? One bound, and I had reached her feet! Shrinking from my touch she let fall from her head, unloosened, the ghastly cerements which had confined it, and then streamed forth into the rushing atmosphere of the chamber huge masses of long and dishevelled hair; *it was blacker than the raven wings of midnight.* And now slowly opened the eyes of the figure that stood before me. "Here, then, at least," I shrieked aloud, "can I never, can I never be mistaken; these are the full, and the black, and the wild eyes of my lost love—of the lady—of the *Lady Ligeia!*"

There is certainly something very thrilling in the minute description in this tale, of the persevering and awful struggle of the *Will* to break the trammels of death; and in the strange gradual transformation of the second wife into the first. Poe prided himself much upon the psychical ingenuity of the conception. He tells us he regarded the piece as containing the highest-class thought which he had ever written.

Our space forbids that we should give any further specimens of the wild and strange fictions which proceeded from the dark and distempered imagination of this miserable but extraordinary genius. Should any of our readers desire to extend their acquaintance with the works of Poe, we may refer them to the pieces entitled, *The Masque of the Red Death*, *The Tell-tale Heart*, *William Wilson*, and *The Fall of the House of Usher*, as specimens of his power in the realm of the eerie and fearful; and to the pieces entitled, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, *The Gold-bug*, *Hans Pfaal*, and *The Purloined Letter*,

as specimens of tales which draw their effect from their circumstantiality of detail and the closeness with which they follow up a train of reasoning. *Hans Pfaal* is the account of a voyage to the moon, given with such an appearance of truthful simplicity, and with such an apparent earnestness of desire to explain the precise *rationale* of every step in the process which brought the voyager to his destination, that one can almost fancy that the story might in many quarters receive implicit credit. The sketches called *The Domain of Arnheim*, and *Londor's Cottage*, are remarkable examples of Poe's power of life-like description.

On the whole, it appears to us, that whether we regard the character of Poe's genius, or the nature of his career, we are looking upon as sad and strange a phenom-

non as can be found in literary history. Principle he seems to have had none. Decision of character was entirely lacking. His envy of those more favored by fortune than himself amounted to raging ferocity. He starved his wife and broke her heart. He estranged the friends who were most firmly resolved to hold by him. He foully slandered his best benefactors. He had no faith in man or woman. His biographer tells us that "he regarded society as composed altogether of villains." He had no sympathy, no honor, no truth. And we carry with us from the contemplation of the entire subject, the sad recollection of a powerful intellect, a most vivid imagination, an utterly evil heart, and a career of guilt, misery, and despair.

K. P. I.

MIDWIVES AND MEN-MIDWIVES.—The remark of G. N. that, in Scotland, the useful class of midwives is disappearing, induces me to send you a Note on their origin. The first female who practised was Agnodice, the Athenian daughter of Hierophilus, the physician. Her father taught her the art, or the science rather, and Agnodice is said to have stood among her father's male pupils at lectures disguised as a youth. This will remind the readers of "N. & Q." of a female lecturer on law:

"Novella, a young Bolognese,

The daughter of a learned law-doctor

Who had with all the subtleties

Of old and modern jurists stock'd her,

Was so exceeding fair 'tis said,

And over hearts held such dominion,

That when her father, sick in bed,

Or busy, sent her in his stead,

To lecture on the Code Justinian,

She had a curtain drawn before her,

Lest, if her charms were seen, the students

Should let their young eyes wander o'er her,

And quite forget their jurisprudence."

When Agnodice went into practice she retained male attire, but made known her sex to her patients. Her engagements became so numerous that the male practitioners became enraged, and brought the young midwife before the Areopagus, under a charge of corrupting the Athenian ladies. The daughter of Hierophilus, however declared her sex to the judges; and these not only acquitted her, but issued a decree permitting all free-born women to study midwifery. According to this story, the man-midwife is older than the midwife; and yet Paulus of Ægina, who lived about the seventh century, perhaps a little earlier, is said to have been the first male who practised, or who merited to be called "man-midwife." He was the

author of a treatise, in seven books, on the medical art *De Re Medica*. Were the earlier male practitioners mere bunglers? Some of your correspondents, whose reading is wider and memory better than mine, may probably furnish you with an interesting note on this subject. When was the *sage-femme* first authorized to practise in France? Was Montaigne or Menage the author of the prettily balanced sentence which says:

"Nous avons besoin d'une sage-femme pour nous mettre au monde; nous avons encore bien plus besoin d'un homme sage pour nous en sortir?"

How about the Egyptian midwives in the time of Moses?—*Notes and Queries*.

POPE'S "ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY."—Malone, in his *Life of Dryden* (p. 276.), gives a list of all the Odes on St. Cecilia's Day then known, with the dates when written, and the names of the writers and composers; which concludes thus—

"1708. Pope. It does not appear that Pope's Ode was not set to musick in 1708."

What is the authority for this statement, that Pope's Ode was written in 1708? and will any of your correspondents inform me when this Ode was first set to music, and where performed? We know that, after great alterations, it was set by Dr. Greene, and performed at Oxford in 1730.

"THE DYING CHRISTIAN."—Here again I would ask for like information. Steele's request was for "two or three Stanzas for Musick." When, and by whom was it set? and when and where first performed? Is the original music known, and can it be seen?—*Notes and Queries*.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

SIR JAMES STEPHEN.

THAT is Macaulay all over, readers are tempted to exclaim, at the winding-up of a passage of extra spirit and show, in essay after essay of Sir James Stephen's. But it is only in isolated passages, and it is almost exclusively in the surface question of style, that any such identity, or strong family likeness is really observable. In the sub-surface particulars of temperament, taste, and mental and moral idiosyncrasy, the affinities between the son of Zachariah Macaulay, of the Clapham sect, and of the pupil, protégé, and historian of that sect, the Cambridge Professor of Modern History, are neither many nor close. The style of Sir James Stephen's reviews, in its more ornate and high-colored intervals, appears to have been traceably influenced by the writer's study of, and admiration for, that of Macaulay; of which, accordingly, it then represents the richness, the garniture of illustration, the word-painting power, the decision and the dash, with no inconsiderable effect. But the force is less dynamical, more mechanical: the flow betrays more of effort and constraint. He is indeed most forcible, and most fluent, when most *himself*. An able contributor to the *North American Review*, in comparing the two styles, distinguishes that of Sir James Stephen as more grave and didactic, often swelling into a weighty and impressive eloquence, that proceeds rather from the deep feelings and strong convictions of the writer, than from rhetorical artifice: in which respect, a superiority is claimed for him over Macaulay, whose articles, "with all their brilliancy and richness of illustration, are often superficial and deficient in earnestness, having the sparkle and impetuosity of a mountain torrent, but also its shallowness and want of sustained force." The same critic discerns more of "heart" in Sir James' writings, together with an amount of fervid religious persuasion, which might swell into fanaticism if not mastered, as it is, by a vigorous intellect, and which governs all his reflections and judgments.* Sir James is far from being such a docile and entire adhesionist to the "Evangelical" system, as its undeviating supporters could desire; but he has never thrown off the yoke and broke the bonds as they accuse his great Edinburgh

ally of doing, when they contrast what Zachariah was, with what Thomas Babington is. If they find *σκανδαλα* in the scope, or the details even, of such among Sir James' essays as the Review of Whitfield and his Times, of Richard Baxter, or that genial, devout, and highly-finished *fiction*, in the style and assuming the authorship of Isaac Taylor—it must be rather as men of sect than as religious men that they are "offended," and the "stones of the stumbling" (tiny pebbles, after all) must be dislodged from smooth ground by the irritant action of their own restless feet. Into the controversy about the *æonian* duration of future punishments, this is not the place to enter; nor to hint an opinion, either way, on that doctrine of Universal Restoration to which may be applied, from its advocates' point of view, the "gray-haired Wanderer's" words;

"Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In mercy, carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts:
Hope, below this, consist not with belief
In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest power,
That finds no limits but her own pure will."†

A wholesome dealing with Sir James Stephen's Essays, is as much within our will as beyond our "possible." Failing that, a retail system, applied to singular selections from the grand plurality, with the utmost practicable amount of picking and stealing, "to make things pleasant" (in Board of Directors' phrase), must be our plan. And at once, to begin with, it is impossible to keep "hands off," when such a figure as Gregory the Seventh crosses our path, or the founder of the Franciscans moves before us, in his habit as he lived.

The essay on Hildebrand was distinguished by such brilliance and vigor, that veteran reviewers were not wanting who unhesitatingly attributed it to Mr. Macaulay.‡ It most graphically portrays the life and the times of that Pontiff whose place is in the first rank

† Wordsworth: "Excursion." Book IV.

‡ Sir Archibald Alison, for example, in his review of Macaulay's History (Vols. I. II.), enumerating some of the more striking of that gentleman's Essays, has this passage: "He has treated of the Reformation and the Catholic reactions in his review of Ranke; of the splendid despotism of the Popedom in that of Hildebrand; of the French Revolution in that of Barrère. There is no danger," adds Sir Archibald, "of his essays being forgotten." But there is danger, it seems, of their being confounded with those of his contemporaries.

* See *North American Review*, July, 1862.

among ecclesiastical Rome's principalities and powers. "Ce viellard," says Philarète Charles, "pour changer le monde, n'a prononcé qu'une parole: *J'excommunie!*" Under him Christendom became subject to what Wordsworth calls "a ghostly domination, unconfined as that by dreaming bards to love assigned."* He is indeed a Representative Man of that new dynasty, which became higher than the kings of the earth, and assumed the style of kings of kings, and lords of lords, going forth conquering and to conquer.

"Those ancient men, what were they, who achieved

A sway beyond the greatest conquerors;
Setting their feet upon the necks of kings,
And, through the world, subduing, chaining
down

The free immortal spirit? Were they not
Mighty magicians? Theirs a wondrous spell,
Where true and false were with infernal art
Close interwoven; where together met
Blessings and curses, threats and promises;
And with the terrors of futurity
Mingled whate'er enchants and fasci-
nates

What in his day the Syracusan sought,
Another world to plant his engines on,
They had; and, having it, like gods not men
Moved this world at their pleasure.†

Milman aptly calls Gregory the Caesar of spiritual conquest; the great and inflexible assertor of the supremacy of the sacerdotal order; before whose austere yet imaginative mind the universal religious Autocracy, the Caliphate (with the difference that the temporal power was accessory to the spiritual, not the spiritual an hereditary appendage to temporal supremacy), expanded itself as the perfect Idea of the Christian Church. "Posterity demands whether his imperial views, like those of the older Caesar, were not grounded on the total prostration of the real liberty of mankind. . . . Even if essentially true, this monarchical aristocracy was undeniably taught and maintained, and by none more than Hildebrand, through means utterly at variance with the essence of Christianity, at the sacrifice of all the higher principles, by bloody and desolating wars, by civil wars with all their horrors, by every kind of human misery."‡ In Sir James Stephen's essay is shown how Hildebrand's despotism, however inconsistently, sought to

guide mankind, by moral impulses, to a more than human sanctity; while the feudal despotism with which he waged war, sought, with a stern consistency, to degrade them into beasts of prey or beasts of burden. In this respect, it was the "conflict of mental with physical power, of literature with ignorance, of religion with injustice and debauchery." But Sir James does not fail to add, that Hildebrand was the founder of a tyranny only less odious than that which he arrested; and that Hildebrand's own policy was Imperial, while his resources and his arts were Sacerdotal: "Anathemas and flatteries, stern defiance and subtle insinuations, invectives such as might have been thundered by Genseric, and apologies such as might have been whispered by Augustulus, succeed each other in his story, with no visible trace of hesitation or of shame." An essay teeming with passages in this style might excusably be ascribed, on its appearance in the *Edinburgh*, to his pen who reviewed Ranke on the Popes.

Nor is that on Saint Francis of Assisi inferior in energy and pictorial effect. We follow with eager steps the career of the founder of that Order which, in England alone, can boast of the names of Duns Scotus, Alexander Hales, Robert Grosstête, Roger Bacon. We see him in early boyhood, assiduous in his father's counting-house, and foremost in festival and feat of arms—then overtaken by a nearly fatal sickness, from which he rises sick unto death of the world and every worldly way—vowing devotion to Poverty, and hugging her as a bride—flogged by his father and put in chains—escaping by his mother's connivance, and flying to his sanctuary at St. Damiano: an orphan with living parents, a beggar entitled to a splendid patrimony; traversing the mountains in abject but cherished need, chanting divine canticles as he wanders on, and attracting by his voice the banditti of the wild region, who, finding him a worthless prize, toss him contemptuously into a snow-drift—whence, half-frozen, he crawls to a neighboring monastery, and is employed by the monks as a scullion; then returning to Assisi in pilgrim's garb and with the pilgrim's spirit, and becoming the father and apostle of the leprous—till popular feeling reacts in his favor, he is enabled to restore the ruined church of St. Damiano,

* Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Sonnets.

† Rogers: Italy.

‡ Milman's Latin Christianity, vol. III.

his followers grow and multiply exceedingly, and in his hut on the plain of the Rivo Torto (which St. Louis himself visits in disguise) he draws up the rule of his new Order, the Magna Charta of Poverty. Sir James applauds with reason the politic sanction of this democratic element by Innocent the Third, whose penetrating eye saw in the fervid speech, resolved aspect, lowly mien, and even the dust and squalor of Francis and his co-petitioners for papal sanction, assurance of a devotedness which might rival and eclipse (and perhaps persuade) those whom Simon de Montfort had in vain tried to exterminate. The foresight of Innocent, and his far-sightedness, did not mislead him. The Franciscan Order has not only survived, as this essay sets forth, the banter of Erasmus, the broader scoffs of the *Epistola Obscurorum Virorum* (which Sir William Hamilton * calls "at once the most cruel and the most natural of satires"), the invectives of Wicliff and Luther, the taunts of Milton, and the contemptuous equity of Bayle, but the egregious crimes and follies of its own degenerate sons.†

A ripe and unctuous *bonne bouche* for scholars and bookmen, is the paper on Mabillon and the Benedictines. Mabillon is drawn in the most favorable and attractive light, as an affectionate, truthful, profoundly meek and fervently pious man—strangely rare character for one to whom was committed by Bernard of St. Maur and his Benedictine fraternity the "Titanic labor" of writing the complete history of their Order. It is a safe assertion with regard to these nine folios of the *Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*, that nothing in the literary annals of France is more marvellous than such a composition, by one man, and this amid other labors of almost equal magnitude—by no mere compiler, too, for Mabillon was also a "learned theologian, and a critic and scholar of the first order." Moreover, he was no unsociable recluse, no hide-bound pedant, but one who loved the fellowship of his kind, though his enjoyment of "society" was, after all, restricted to the sick chamber of brother D'Achery, which became a *salon* where a few choice spirits would congregate on certain evenings—Du Cange, and Baluze, and

Eöthen D'Herbelot, and l'Abbé Fleury, and Fénéloen, "then basking in the noon of royal favor," and Bossuet, "in the meridian of his genius." We see Mabillon in request with ecclesiastical authors of every variety—the Jesuits, the Bollandists of Antwerp, the Carthusians, the Cistercians; Leibnitz applies to him for information concerning the House of Brunswick, and Madame de la Vallière for his influence to help on a relative. We see him after awhile journeying in Italy, where monasteries vie in doing him honor, and civic *fêtes* await his advent, and the Pope and Queen Christina contend (*their* contention was a matter of course, a standing quarrel) which should outdo the other in courtesy to the lowly Benedictine. Nor among the Italian notables with whom he make acquaintance, do we miss a glimpse of old Magliabecchi, in his library at Florence—a bibliophile worth the looking at, for "another man, at once so book-learned, so dirty, and so ill-favored, could not have been found in the whole of Christendom."

The appearance of such a paper as "The Clapham Seet" * in the *Edinburgh Review*, was a significant and generally welcome mark of the change that had come over that blue-and-yellow oracle, since the early days when it had looked so deeply, darkly, un-beautifully blue at the Wilberforce tribe, and biliously yellow at the very mention of Clapham. That licensed "sportsman," the Rev. Sydney Smith, loved to make "game" of the tribe at large, and of its patriarch in especial. As where he suggests to Protestants of the Abraham Plymley type, that since it seems necessary to their idea of an established church to have something to worry and torment, they might do well to "select for this purpose William Wilber-

* Of this paper, we find the following mention in Jeffrey's correspondence (Life by Cockburn), at the time of its appearance:

"I could not stop reading that admirable review of Stephen's on the Clapham Worthies, which is all charmingly written, and many passages imitatively. The sketches of Granville Sharp, C. Simeon, and Lord Teignmouth are, beyond comparison, superior to any of —'s elaborate portraits, or even Macaulay's stronger pictures, in vivacity and force of coloring, as well as in that soft tone of angelic pity and indulgence, which gives its character to the whole piece." (1844.)

So far, so good. Ex-editor Jeffrey falls with tolerable grace into the new ways of his old Journal. One is curious to hear what his predecessor in the Editorship, and trusty coadjutor, that clerical scourge of the Claphamites, Sydney Smith, thought in 1844 of this New Way to pay old Debts.

* Discussions on Philosophy.

† Essay on St. Francis, *passim*.

force, Esq., and the patent Christians of Clapham," as a safer, because more insignificant body of men to persecute, than the Irish Romanists; for, why torture a bulldog, when you can get a frog or a rabbit? and therefore let the "patent Christians" in question be compelled "to abjure vital clergymen by a public test, to deny that the said William Wilberforce has any power of working miracles, touching for barrenness or any other infirmity, or that he is endowed with any preternatural gift whatever." Elsewhere the same "incomparable Sydney" declares the only danger the Church is in to arise from "that patent Christianity which has been for some time manufacturing at Clapham"—and counsels the bishops "to keep their eyes upon that holy village and its hallowed vicinity," and to nip in the bud the Simeonitic plan for purchasing livings "for those groaning and garrulous gentlemen, whom they denominate (by a standing sarcasm against the regular Church) gospel preachers and vital clergymen." Very near the time at which the irreverent Reverend of the *Edinburgh* was thus writing down, or "essaying" so to do, the Thorntons and Macaulays of this "holy village," a future contributor (and a most favored and distinguished one) to the same *Review* was spending happy hours in the midst of the proscribed clique. Sketching a group, including Wilberforce and his "playful boys," Henry Thornton and others, Sir James Stephen exclaims: "*Eheu fugaces!* Those elder forms are all now reposing beneath the clods of the valley: those playful boys, are Right Reverend and Venerable Dignitaries of the Church: and he who then seemed to read while he listened silently, is now, in the garrulity of declining years, telling old tales, and perhaps distorting, in the attempt to revive them, pictures which have long since been fading from the memory."

Wilberforce, as the very sun of the Claphamic system, occupies of course a large and leading place in the review. His conversational charm is compared, or contrasted, with that of the mirth-moving priest of St. Paul's, from whom we have been quoting. Wilberforce's table-talk is now purely a tradition. Whatever its spirit and potency may have been, to those who once tested it in *vivâ voce* examination, it is now as far beyond our weights and measures as impal-

pable ether or imponderable gas. It is no longer remembered or preserved, because, according to Sir James' description, it was like a galvanic stream of vivacity, humor, and warm-heartedness, which tended rather to volatilize and disperse than to consolidate the substances on which it fell. When Wilberforce and Sydney Smith left the same dinner-table, their companions—*Stephano experto crede*—carried away some of the "solid bullion" of wit from the Canon, to be exhibited in other company—but from the Member of Parliament recollections which, though not transferable to others by the quotation of his words, dwelt with themselves as an exhilarating influence.

Not of Mr. Wilberforce, any more than of any other Claphamite, is Sir James Stephen an indiscriminating panegyrist. The M.P. had his foibles; and detractors have magnified or made the most of them. His apparent indecision and infirmity of purpose laid him open to the charge even of insincerity. He got a bad name in some political quarters, on the score of levity and inconstancy. "You will be surprised," he once said to Lord Sidmouth, "at the vote I gave last night; and indeed I am not myself quite satisfied with it." His lordship replied: "My dear Wilberforce, I shall never be surprised at any vote you give." In Mr. Plumer Ward's diary, referring to a dinner party at Sir J. Swinburne's, in 1812, we find this entry: "A discussion on Wilberforce's character, in which the majority seemed to think him honest, but extremely unfair, run away with by the attractions of any popular butterfly, and so undecided as to be no authority on any subject."† Vanity, too, is freely ascribed to him by other censurers. If vain he was, when was vanity so harmless, so unselfish, so exuberant in traits of courtesy, benignity, and love? If there be foundation for the censure, let us say, at the worst,

"——Somewhat vain he was,
Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity,
But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy
Diffused around him, while he was intent

* "*Solid bullion of wit*"—a phrase reminding us of Mrs. Jameson's tribute to the Canon's mirthful wisdom: "The wit of Sydney Smith almost always involved a thought worth remembering for its brilliant vehicle: the value of ten thousand pounds sterling of sense concentrated into a cut and polished diamond."

† Life of R. P. Ward, vol. i. p. 477.

On works of love or freedom, or revolved
Complacently the progress of a cause,
Whereof he was a part: yet this was meek
And placid, and took nothing from the man
That was delightful." *

How delightful the "man," William Wilberforce, was—in youth, and prime of manhood, and old age—many and many have told us, and none more graphically than Sir James Stephen, who bids us imagine David Garrick personating in some other society his friends of the Literary Club, now uttering maxims of wisdom with Johnsonian dignity, then haranguing with the rapture of Burke, telling a good story with the unction of James Boswell, chuckling over a ludicrous jest with the childlike glee of Oliver Goldsmith, singing a ballad with all the taste of Percy, reciting poetry with the classical enthusiasm of Cumberland,—and, at each successive change in the interlude, exhibiting the amenities of Sir Joshua; and from this supposed monopolylogue we may image Wilberforce—discoursing throughout in a voice which "resembled an Æolian harp controlled by the touch of a St. Cecilia." Its flexibility is illustrated in that chapter in "The Doctor," where Southey has drawn an inverted pyramid, the narrowing lines of which represent the subsiding cadences wherewith he supposes Mr. Wilberforce to repeat the words "Poor creature!" when advised by The Doctor to read his book on a Sunday. Sir James Stephen assures us this is hardly a burlesque.

Worthy of a place in the same category, are the sketches, part critical, part biographical, of other notables in the ranks of the "Evangelicals;" John Newton, the *pachydermatous* pastor of Olney, whose strength and whose weakness, it is happily said, alike consisted in the predominance of the male above the female elements of his nature—an honest, downright sailor to the last, with nerves of brass and sinews of iron; Thomas Scott, the commentator, who, at threescore and seven, "might safely have challenged the world to produce a more unfortunate, or a more enviable man"—who, at that age, sick and in poverty, found, on investigating his accounts, that £199,900 had been paid in his lifetime across the counter for his theological publications, that he himself had derived from them an income of little more than £47 per annum, and that they had in-

volved him in a debt of about £1200,—but who lived on in severe frugality, in brave independence, and self-denying charity—virtuous in all domestic relations, though seeming at first unsuited for interchange of social benignities—being of harsh and uninviting appearance, of "coarse features, lacklustre eye, uncouth gait, asthmatic and dissonant voice, and absent, inattentive manner," while his natural temper was characterized by asperity and arrogance, and he had the misfortune of seeming too often to scold when in the pulpit, and in society to dogmatize; Henry Thornton, again, for thirty years and more a Member of Parliament, though an infrequent and unimpressive speaker—a man who, before a family grew up round him, assigned nearly six-sevenths of his income to the poor, and whose smallest annual donation for the same purpose, in any year, was two thousand pounds—happy in a home * made happy by his presence, "from whose lips no morose, or angry, or impatient word ever fell; on whose brow no cloud of anxiety or discontent was ever seen to rest;" Granville Sharp, whose settled conviction of the wickedness of our race was "tempered by an infantine credulity in the virtue of each separate member of it;" William Smith, the member for Norwich—the cordial friend of Wilberforce and the Claphamites, yet a greater friend to Truth, as he recognized it in the doctrines of Belsham and Lindsay; Zachariah Macaulay, celebrated sire of a more celebrated, but *un-likeminded* son—a man whose demeanor was so inanimate, if not austere, whose countenance was so monotonous, and on whose overhanging brows the traces of fatigue were so constant, that "neither Gall nor Lavator could have solved the charm which excited among his chosen circle a faith nigh to superstition, and a love rising to enthusiasm;" Henry Martyn, who might have been the model of Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling,"—a man "born to love with ardor and to hate with vehemence; amorous, irascible, ambitious, and vain; without one torpid nerve about him; aiming

* It was the rare privilege of Henry Thornton never to witness the "irruption of death into his domestic paradise." A like record is true of his friend, neighbor, and fellow M.P., William Smith, who, when nearly 80, could still "gratefully acknowledge that he had no remembrance of any bodily pain or illness, or family bereavement."

* Wordsworth: "Prelude." Book IX.

at universal excellence in science, literature, conversation, horsemanship, and even in dress;" Dean Milner, the jovial, facetious, rule-the-roast President of Queen's; and Charles Simeon,—of whom Sir James gives a sketch at once accurate, graphic, and piquant in the highest degree—calculated to scandalize Sims, but to amuse (yet not flippantly) all—suggesting a resemblance between Simeon and "the late Mr. Terry," and describing him as one who, to a casual acquaintance, must have often seemed like some truant from the green-room, studying in clerical costume for the part of *Mercutio*, and doing it scandalously ill—one whose adventurous attitudes, whose ceaseless grimaces, whose ponderous badinage, whose exquisitely unbecoming stories about the pedigree of his horses or the vintages of his cellar, were such, that the caricaturists, Sir James fairly allows, must have been faithless to their calling, and the undergraduates false to their nature, if pencil, pen, and tongue

had not made the much-enduring Fellow of King's and Vicar of Trinity their prey: "the worshippers of Bacchus and Venus gave thanks that they were jolly fellows, and not as this Pharisee." Sir James Stephen should be consulted by every reader of *Carus' Life of Simeon*—a biography, however, which contains nothing incompatible with the portraiture drawn by the livelier and bolder, but no way depreciating pen of the Professor of Modern History. Indeed, Sir James Stephen, if not what is called eminently, or prominently, a religious writer, is one essentially, and has been characterized, in fact, by an oracle of orthodox and Quarterly authority, as betraying the "severe school of theology to which he is attached," by his tone of sincere but not ostentatious piety, often tainted or at least touched with "gloom,"—a tone which controls, colors, and informs all his dissertations, with the more or less of directness which their several themes may demand or allow.

ANTHONY PURVER.—Anthony Purver (or Parver, as the name is sometimes spelt) was a poor Quaker, by trade a shoemaker. He conceived an idea that he was called by the Holy Spirit to make a new translation of the Bible; and, accordingly, he resolved to learn the sacred languages, although he was then by no means young. He began with Hebrew, which with incredible patience he contrived to master. He must have had some assistance, as there were then no grammars of the Hebrew and Chaldee languages in English. Next he applied himself to the study of Greek, and, lastly, of Latin, which he learnt, probably, in order to be able to read the works of other learned authors. He then began his work of translation, which he at length accomplished. He also added notes, to explain obscure passages, and justify his deviations from the authorized version.

All difficulties respecting the publication of his work were removed by the charity of Dr. Fothergill, who offered to pay all expenses. The translation was published in two volumes, folio, at a cost of not less than 200*l.*, under the title of,—

"A New and Literal Translation of all the Books of the Old and New Testaments, with Notes Critical and Explanatory. By Anthony Purver. London, 1764."

The work is chiefly remarkable for its close adherence to the Hebrew idiom. Southey prefers his "I am he who am," to "I am that I am." He calls the book of Canticles "The Poem of Solomon," "song," he says, "being of profane use."

The above particulars I have collected from the life of Dr. Fothergill in the *Biog. Borealis*, and from Southey's *Omniana*. Can any of your correspondents supply any further information respecting Purver? When, and where he was born? When did he die?

[Anthony Purver was born at Up-Husborn, in Hants, about the year 1702; and died in Andover in 1777. See Chalmers's *Biog. Dict.* for an excellent account of him.]—*Notes and Queries*.

SLANG IN 1793.—In Butts *Poems*, published in 1793, are these lines:

"We teach old maxims, neither less nor more,
Than Locke, or humble Hooker taught before.
Those fograms, quizzes, treats, and bores, and
gigs,
Were held in some account with ancient
prigs," &c.

And to the last line but one is this note:

"Barbarous terms of the day, adopted by the great vulgar."—*Notes and Queries*.

ST. GERMAIN LORDS.—I mean to designate by this imperfect title, which I use only for want of a better, all lords created by James II. after the Revolution, or by his son or grandson. Can any of your correspondents refer me to any published list of these creations?—*Notes and Queries*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A WOOLING AND WEDDING OF 17—.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEG OF ELIBANK."

CHAPTER I.

"A BONNY bride's sune buskit; eh, Nanny Swinton?"

"But ye're no bonny, Miss Nelly; na, na, ye canna fill the shoon o' yer leddy mother yer snod; and ye may shake yer tails at the Assembly, but ye're far ahint Lady Carnegie."

"An I've but to dance my set with young Berwickshire Home, I care not though I bide at home after all."

But Nelly Carnegie would have little liked that resource, though she now flung the powder out of her nut-brown hair, and tapped her little mirror with her fan. In a low, dark closet, up a steep stair, in a narrow, confined, dark-browed house in the Canongate, one of the belles of 17— made her toilette; and her chamber woman, in her curch and her tartan screen, was old nurse and sole domestic of the high-headed, strong-minded, stately widow of a wild north country laird, whose son now ruled alone in the rugged family mansion among the grand, misty mountains of Lochaber. Nelly Carnegie was no beauty; not fair as a red-and-white rose, like Lady Eglinton, or any one of her six daughters; not dainty, like poor imprisoned Lady Lovat; she was more like desperate Lady Primrose, flying shrieking from her mad husband's sword and pistols, or fierce Lady Grange, swearing her bootless revenge on the wily, treacherous, scared Lord of Session; she was wild, witty Nelly Carnegie, whom no precise, stern mother could tame, no hard life at her embroidery or her spinnet—long hours, plain fare, scanty ease, comfort, or luxury—could subdue. Gay, gallant Nelly Carnegie, brown as a gipsy, skin, eyes, and hair—the last a rich ruddy chesnut brown—with nothing to distinguish her figure but its diminutiveness and the nimbleness of the shapely hands and feet; while Lady Carnegie's lace lappets were higher by half a foot than many a manikin on whom she looked down, and the back that never bent or leant for a second on rail or cushion, was straight as an arrow, as well as long. But Nelly, in her absurd, magnificent brocade, and her hoop that made her small figure like a little russet cask, with her busk and her breast-

knot and top-knot, was admired, as odd people will choose what is irregular, strange, and racy, in preference to what is harmonious, orderly, and insipid.

Nelly had a cavalier to walk by her sedan and her link-boy, as her mother and she traversed the rough streets, and to hand her out at the old Assembly door, although she flung away his hand, and followed her mother alone within the dignified precincts, leaving a gloom and a storm on a lowering brow, unshaded by the cocked hat, then carried under the wearer's arm.

The old Assembly Rooms where potent Jacky Murray presided, where urbane Duncan Forbes won hearts, where a gentle laird wooed in sweet numbers and in vain the Annie Laurie whose

"—brow was like the snaw drift,
Her throat was like the swan."

Much has gone in company with its wigs and ruffles, its patches and snuff; the grace may remain, and the refinement be thorough where it was superficial, but the courtliness of conscious superiority, the picturesque contrarieties and broken natural land that lay below the heaths and craters, exist but as the black gloom and red glare of the past.

There the grave, responsible Lord of Session, sober in mien as Scotchmen are wont to be, at midnight roaring over his claret in the mad orgies of the Hell-fire Club; here the pawky, penetrating lawyer, shrewd both from calling and character, playing the reckless game of a correspondence with the stage Court of St. Germain; yonder mettle beauty sailing along on her high-heeled shoes to finish the night's triumph at an oyster supper in a den behind the Sunkenbooths. Again, an imperial dowager, who still spun her own linen and struck her serving-man with her ivory cane. Truly the old Edinburgh Assembly Rooms had their secrets and contained more exciting elements under their formal French polish than the repose that among moderns

"Stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."

The stated balls at the Assembly Rooms were eras in Nelly Carnegie's life, yet she met always the same company; every face and name she knew, and what was worse, danced nightly with the same partner. The select society was constituted at the commencement of the season, and when once

the individual fan was drawn from the cocked hat of fate, there was no respite no room for change. Young Home of Staneholme had knowledge of the flagree circle through which Nelly was wont to insert her restless fingers, and Lady Carnegie furthered his advances; so although Nelly hated him as she did the gloom of Nor-loch, she received his escort to and from the Assembly Rooms, and walked with him her single minuet as inevitably as she lilted Allan Ramsay's songs, or scalded her mouth with her morning's porridge.

Nelly's suitor was not ill to look upon as far as flesh and blood went; he was a well made, robust fellow, whose laced coat and deep vest showed the comely, vigorous proportions of youth; the face was manly too, in spite of its beardless one-and-twenty, but the broad eyebrows sunk, either in study or sullenness, and the jaw was hard and fixed.

Yet too see how Nelly strained her bonds, how she gecked and flouted and looked above him, and curtsied past him, and dropped his hand as if it were a live coal, while the heavy brow grew darker, until it showed like a thunder-storm over the burning red of the passion-flushed cheek.

"Take tent, Nelly," whispered a sensible companion, sensible, cautious, and canny, whose flaxen hair over its roll had the dead grayness of age, though the face below was round and dimpled; "young Staneholme drew his sword last night on the President's son because he speered as if he had skill to tame a gosshawk."

"Tak tent yerself, Janet Erskine," Nelly responded, wrathfully; "think twice, or you would wed auld Auchtershiel."

Janet shrank, and her light blue eye blinked uneasily, but no additional color came into her cheek, nor did her voice shake, though it fell. "It must be, Nelly; I darena deny my father, and mony mair drink forby Auchtershiel; and if he cursed his last wife out and in, and drove her son across the sea, they were thrawn and cankered, and he was their head. I'll speak him fair, and his green haughs are a braw jointure. But Nelly, do ye believe that the auld Laird, the auld ane before Auchtershiel himself, he that shot the Covenanter as he hung by the saugh over the Spinkie-water, and blasphemed when he prayed, walks at night on the burn bank?"

"I dinna ken; if I did not fear a living, sorry I would dare a dead ane," Nelly protested, with a shade of scorn in her levity; "and ye can bide in the house on the soft summer nights: the Lady of Auchtershiel need not dauder by the burn side; she can be counten her house purse in the still room; but if I were she, I would rather beg my bread."

"Whisht, for shame, Nelly Carnegie," was returned with a shrillness in the measured tones; "you would not, and ye'll learn yer own task, and say yes to sour, dour Staneholme."

"I never will; I'll let myself be starved to death, I'll throttle myself with my own hands first," cried Nelly Carnegie, fire flashing in her large eyes and on her dark cheeks; and looking up in her defiance she met the glow for glow of Staneholme's stare. Time-serving Janet Erskine moved off in unconcealed trepidation, and Nelly stood her ground alone, stamping her foot upon the boards, and struggling in vain against the cruel influence she could not control and would not bend to.

"He need not gloom and look at me, the hearkener that could not hear good of himself," Nelly thought, with passionate vehemence; but her sparkling eyes fell slowly, and her proud panting heart quailed with a long throb.

CHAPTER II.

THE next time Nelly saw Adam Home was by the landing in the Canongate, in whose shelter lay the draw-well, wherein the proud, gently-born laird's daughter dipped every afternoon the Dutch porcelain jug which carried the fresh spring-water with which to infuse her mother's cherished, tiny cup of tea. Young Home was passing, and he stepped aside, and offered to take the little vessel from her hand, and stoop and fill it, with a silent salutation and a glance that, retaining its wonted downward aim, yet suddenly lightened as if it loved to rest upon the little girlish figure, in its homely tucked-up gown, with black mittens on the round arms, and a velvet band about the swelling throat, and a crimson hood drawn over the chestnut hair, that turned back in a crisp wave from the bold, frank, innocent face—but she waved him off, and balancing her foot upon the edge-stone, saw herself reflected in the steel-like water. Then he

begged with rare softness in a voice that was rough and gruff, unless it deepened with strong feeling—

"Will you suffer me, Nelly Carnegie. I would give my hand to pluck but a flower to serve you?"

Had he tried that tone first, before she was more than chilled by his sombre and imperious gravity, before her mother supported him unrelentingly, before the girl was galled and exasperated by persecution, he might have attracted, fascinated, conquered—as it was, she jeered at him.

"Serve her! he could do her no better service than 'mount and go.' A posy! it would be the stinging-nettle and dank dawk if he gathered it."

The revenge he took was rude enough, but it was not unheard of in those days: he caught her by the wrist, and under the shadow of the abutting gable he kissed the knitted brow and curling lips, but his grasp was so tight that it gave her pain; and when she wrung herself from him, she shook her little hand with a rage that quivered through every nerve, and had more of hate than romping folly or momentary pique in its passion.

"Nelly Carnegie," said the lady, as she carefully pulled out the edge of a coil of yellow point lace, resting on her inlaid foreign work-table, and contrasting with her black mode cloak and white skinny fingers, and looked with her keen, cold, gray eyes on the rebellious daughter standing before her, "I have word that Staneholme goes south in ten days."

Nelly could have said "and welcome," but she knew the consequences, and forbore.

"He's willing to take you with him, Nelly, and he shows his good blood when he holds that a Carnegie needs no tocher."

Still Nelly did not answer, though she started so violently that her loosely-crossed hands fell apart; and Nanny Swinton, about her housewifery in the cupboard of the lady's parlor, hearing every word, trembled at the pause.

"Your providing is not to buy," continued the mistress of the aristocratic household, whose attendance was so scanty, and their wants so ill supplied, that even in necessities they were sometimes pinched; and who in her own person had looked upon

death with the same unblenching front, and had disowned her only son because in what appeared to others a trifle he had opposed her law; "we've but to bid the minister and them that are allied to us in the town, and Nanny will scour the posset dish, and bring out the big Indian bowl, and heap fresh rose-leaves in the sweet pots. You'll wear my mother's white brocade that she first donned when she became a Leslie, sib to Rothies; no bit housewife of a south country laird, but she was a noble woman, and you're but a heather lintie of a lass to come of a good kind; so God bless you, bairn; ye'll tak the blast of wind and gang."

As if the benediction had loosened the arrested tongue, Nelly burst out—"O, mother, mother! no."

Not a muscle of Lady Carnegie's marked face relaxed; her occupation went on without a check; she did not deign to show surprise or displeasure, although her voice rose in harsh, ironical emphasis:

"Nelly Carnegie, what's your will?"

"Not that man, mother; not that fearsome man!" pleaded Nelly, with streaming eyes and beseeching tones, her high spirit for the moment broken, her contempt gone, only her aversion and terror urging a hearing—"The lad that's blate and dull till he's braggit by his fellows, then starker than any carle, wild like a north-country cataran, the haill bench o' judges would not stand to conter him."

"He'll need his stiff temper; I couldna' thole a man but a mind of his own, my dear," ejaculated Lady Carnegie in unexpected, clear, cheery accents, as if her daughter's extremity was diversion to her.

"O, spare me, spare me, mother," Nelly began again.

"Hooley and fairly, Nelly Carnegie," interrupted the mother, still lightly and mockingly; "who are you that ye should pick and choose? What better man will speer your price, or think ye that I've groats laid by to buy a puggy or a puss bawdrons for my maiden lady?"

"I'll work my fingers to the bone, mother; my brother Hugh will not see me want."

"Eat bite or sup of his victuals, mint a Carnegie's working to me again, Nelly Carnegie, and never see my face more."

Lady Carnegie had lapsed into grim wrath, that burned a white heat on her wrinkled

brow, and was doubly formidable because expressed by no hasty word or gesture.

"Leave my presence, and learn your duty belyve, for before the turn of the moon Staneholme's wife ye sall be."

Do not think that Nellie Carnegie was thus beaten, although she uttered no further remonstrance where there was stone; although she did not sob and beg and pray, beyond a few minutes, she opposed to the tyrannical mandate that disposed of her so summarily the dead weight of passive resistance. She would give no token of submission; she would make no preparation; she would neither stir hand nor foot in the matter; she remained in ominous inaction. But a hundred years ago the head of a family was paramount, and household discipline wielded without mercy. Lady Carnegie acted like a sovereign; she wasted no time on arguments, threats, or entreaties; she locked her wilful charge into her dark sleeping-closet, and fed her on bread and water until she should consent to her fate. And sometimes Nelly shook the door until its hinges cracked, and sometimes she flung back the bread, the prisoner's fare, doled out to her; and then her mother came with her firm, slow step, and in her hard, haughty manner commanded her to cease, or she would tie her hand and foot, and pour meat and drink down her throat in spite of her, and so cowed her passion, as a strong, restrained, native force will quell an impulse, however wild. And then Nelly lay down on the rough boards, and stretched out her hands as if to push the world from her and die in her despair; but the young life was fresh and strong within her, and she panted for one breath of the breeze that blew round craggy Arthur's Seat, and one drink of St. Anthony's Well, and another look, if it were the last, of the golden sunshine, no beams of which could penetrate her high, little window; and she would fain again go up the busy street and watch the crowds of passengers, and listen to the bustling traffic, and greet lightly her friends and acquaintances. Silence and solitude, and the dim light soon eclipsed, and the close air that oppressed her, were things very foreign to her nature; and in the dark night, when her distempered imagination conjured up horrible dreams, Nanny Swinton stole to her door, and bemoaned her bird, her lamb, and whispered hoarsely, "Do her biddin', Miss

Nelly, she's yer leddy mother; neither man nor God will acquit you; your burden may be lighter than ye trow." And Nelly was weary, and had sinful, mad thoughts of living to punish her enemies more by the fulfilment of their desire than by the terrors of her early death; and the next time her mother tapped on the panel with her undaunted, unwearied "Ay or no, Nelly Carnegie; gin the bridal be not this week, I'll bid him tarry another, and gin he weary and ride awa', I'll keep ye steekit here till I'm carried out a corp before ye, and I'll leave ye my curse to be coal and candle, and sops and wine, for the lave o' yer ill days."

Nelly gasped out a husky, wailing "Ay," and her probation was at an end.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was brief space now for Nelly's buying pearlins and pinnars and sacques and mantles, and all a young matron's bravery, or for decorating a guest chamber for the ceremony; but Lady Carnegie was not to be balked for trifles, and Nanny Swinton stitched night and day, with the salt tears from aged eyes, rarely wet, moistening her thread; and Nelly did not swerve from her compact, acting mechanically with the others, as she was told. With a strange pallor on the olive of her cheek, and swollen, burning lids drooping over sunk violet lines, and cold, trembling hands, she bore Staneholme's stated presence in these long, cold March afternoons. He never addressed her particularly, although he took many a long, sore look. Few and formal were the lover's devoirs expected or permitted then.

The evening was raw and rainy; elderly gentlemen would have needed "their lass with a lantern" to escort them from their chambers. The old city guard sputtered their Gaelic, and stamped up and down for warmth; the chairmen drank their last fee to keep out the cold, and in and out the low doorways moved middle-aged women in curch and short gown, and bare feet, who, when snooded maidens, had gazed on the white cockade, and the march of Prince Charlie Stewart and his Highlandmen. Down the narrow way, in the drizzly dusk, ran a slight figure, muffled entirely in one of those screens that shrouded the luckless visitors of the Italian doctor—the bewildered horror-struck gazers into his misty mirror, Fleet of foot was the runner, but her very

speed was her defeat; she held her course blindly, for twice she came in contact with intervening obstacles—water-stoups on a threshold, gay ribands fluttering from a booth. Flying from worse than death, with dim projects of begging her way to the North, to the brother she had parted from a child; ghastly suggestions, like lightning flashes, of seizing a knife from the first butcher's block and ending her misery. She had never heard the fate of the young Roman girl looking into her father's ruthless eyes, but she knew

"Bonny Bawbie Livingstone
Playin' at her ba',
She's met wi' Lord Linlyon
Who's stown her awa'."

And she could have lifted up her hands to high Heaven, and shrieked out the malison—

"Now woe to you Linlyon
An ill death may ye dee."

Hasty steps treading fast upon her track—she distinguished them with morbid acuteness through the speed of her own flight. Mingled steps, a feeble, hurrying foot-fall, and an iron tread; she threaded a group of bystanders, and, weak, helpless girl, prepared to dive into a mirk close. Not this black opening, Nelly Carnegie, it is doomed to bear for generations a foul stain—the scene of a mystery no Scottish law-court could clear—the Begbie murder. But it was no seafaring man, with Cain's red right hand, that rushed after trembling, fainting Nelly Carnegie; it was the tender arms where she had lain as an infant that first clutched her dress, it was a kindly tongue that faltered its faithful, distressed petition—

"Come back, come back, Miss Nelly, afore the Liddy finds out; ye hae nae refuge, an' yer traced already by mair than me."

Strong hands were upon her, holding her like a fluttering moth, or, a wild panting leveret, or a lapwing beating its wings; doing her no violence—as who would brush off the down, or tear the soft fur, or break the ruffled feathers?—but against which she struggled so frantically that poor old Nanny interposed—

"Na, sir; let her be; she'll gae hame wi' me, her ain born serving-women. And O, Staneholme, be not hard, it's her last nicht."

That was Nelly Carnegie's marriage eve.

On the morrow the marriage was celebrated. The bridegroom might pass in his manly prime and his scarlet coat, although a

dowf gallant; but who would have thought that Nelly Carnegie in the white brocade that was her grandmother's the day that made her sib to Rothes—Nelly Carnegie who flouted at love and lovers, and sported a free, light, brave heart, would have made so dowie a bride? But the company consisted only of Lady Carnegie's starched cousins, with their husbands and their daughters, who yet hoped to out-rival Nelly with her gloomy Lauderdale Laird.

The hurried ceremony excused the customary festivities; and the family party could keep counsel, and preserve a discreet blindness when the ring dropped from the bride's fingers, and the wine stood untasted before her, while Lady Carnegie did the honors as if lonely age and narrow circumstances did not exist.

CHAPTER IV.

THE March sun shone clear and cold on gray Staneholme, standing on the verge of a wide moor, with the troubled German Ocean for a background, and the piping east wind rattling each casement. There was haste and hurry in Staneholme, from the Laird's mother down through her merry buxom daughters, to the bareheaded servant-lasses, and the substitutes for groom and lacquey, in coarse home-spun and honest, broad, blue bonnets. There was bustle in the little dining-room, with its high windows which the sea-foam sometimes dimmed—with its spindle-legged chairs and smoked pictures; blythe work in the cheerful hall, in whose broad chimney great sea-coal fires blazed—at whose humming wheels the young Mays of Staneholme, as well as its dependents, still took their morning turn: willing toil in the sleeping-rooms, with their black cabinets and heavy worsted curtains; a thronged *mêlée* in the court formed by the outhouses, over whose walls the small-leaved ivy of the coast clustered untreasured. Staneholme's favorite horse was rubbing down; Staneholme's dogs were airing in couples; even the tenantry of the never-failing pigeon-house at the corner of the old garden were in turmoil, for half a score of their number had been transferred to the kitchen this morning, to fill the goodly pasties which were to anticipate the blackberry tarts and sweet puddings, freezing in rich cream. But the sun had sunk behind the moor, where the broom was only budding, and the last sea-

mew had flown to its scour, and the smouldering whins had leaped up into the first yellow flame of the bonfires that were to light the darkness and commemorate the day far and near, and the more shifting, fantastic, brilliant banners of the aurora borealis shot across the frosty sky, as when Derwentwater laid his head on the block—before the first faint shout announced that Staneholme and his lady had come home. With his wife behind him on his bay, with pistols at his saddle-bow, and “Jock” on “the long-tailed yad” at his back, with tenant retainers and veteran domestics pressing round, and ringing shouts, and homely huzzas, and good wishes filling the air, heavy with the smoke of good cheer, Staneholme rode in, and lifting down an unresisting burden, took in his a damp, passive hand, and throwing over his shoulder brief, broken thanks, hurried after the flitting lights, up the flight of stairs, through the rambling, crooked passages into the hall.

Staneholme was always a man of few words. Staneholme was taken up as he should be, with the little lady, whose habit trailed behind her, and who never raised her modest eyes. “Well a day, the Laird’s bargain was of sma’ book,” but “Hurrah” for the fat brose and lumps of corned beef, and the ale and the whiskey, with which they were to be regaled.

In the hall stood Joan, and Madge, and Mysie, panting to see their grand Edinburgh sister, only hindered from running down into the yard by the deposed mistress of Staneholme, whose hair was as white as snow, who wore no mode mantle, nor furbelows, nor laces, like proud Lady Carnegie, but a warm plaiden gown and a close mob cap, with huge keys and huswife balancing each other at each pocket-hole, and whose cracked voice was very sweet as she reiterated “Bide till he bring her here, my bairns,” and her kindly smile motherly to the whole world. But think you poor, vanquished Nelly Carnegie’s trampled-upon heart leapt up to meet those Homes—that her eyes glanced cordially at Joan, and Madge, and Mysie—that her cheek was bent gratefully to receive old Lady Staneholme’s caress! No, no;

“When she reached Linlyon yett,
And lichted on the green,
And ilka ane spak Earse to her,
Sae fast the tears ran down.”

Nelly was too wretched to cry, but she stood there like a marble statue, with no more feeling or show of feeling. Was this colorless, motionless, young girl, in her dusty, disarranged habit, the feather of her hat ruffled by the wind, the gay, Edinburgh beauty who had won Staneholme? What glamor of perverse fashion had she cast into his eyes!

“Wae’s me, would dule never end in this weary world! Adam lad, Adam, what doom have you dragged down on yourself!”

While the thoughtless, self-absorbed girls drew back in disappointment, Lady Staneholme met her son’s proud eyes, and stepping past him, let her hand press lightly for a second on his shoulder as she took in hers Nelly’s lifeless fingers, and said simply, “You are cold and weary, my dear, and supper is served, and we’ll no bide making compliments, but you’re welcome hame to your ain gudeman’s house and folk; and so I’ll lead you to your chamber in Staneholme, and then to the table-head your future place.” And on the way she explained with noble humility that she did not wait for a rejoinder, because she had been deaf ever since Staneholme rode post haste from Edinburgh from the last sitting of the Parliament; and since she was growing old, although it was pleasant to serve the bairns, yet she would be glad to relinquish her cares, and retire to the chimney corner to her wheel and her book; and she blessed the Lord that she had lived to see the young mistress of Staneholme who would guide the household when she was at her rest. Nelly heard not, did not care to recognize that the Lady of Staneholme—looks, words, and actions—was beautiful with the rare beauty of a meek, quiet loving spirit that in those troublous days had budded and bloomed and been mellowed by time and trial; and that had she, Nelly Carnegie, chosen, she whose own mother’s heart had never melted towards her, might have nestled in that bosom as in an ark of peace.

When Lady Staneholme conducted Nelly down the wide staircase into the chill dining-room, to the chair opposite the claret-jug of the master of the house, Nelly drew back with sullen determination.

“Na, but, my bairn, I’m blithe for you to fill my place; Staneholme’s mither may

well make room for Staneholme's wife," urged the lady, gently.

But Nelly remained childishly rooted in her refusal to preside at his board, unless compelled; and her brow, knit at the remembrance of her fall, was yet set to meet the further encounter. Joan, and Madge, and Mysie, with their blooming cheeks, and their kissing-strings, new for the occasion, stared as if their strange sister was but half endowed with mother-wit; and Lady Staneholme hesitated until Adam Home's short, emphatic "As she pleases, mother," while the flush flew to his forehead, and his firm lip shook, decided the question.

This was Adam Home's resolution, never to control the wife he had forced into his arms, beyond the cold, daily intercourse which men will interchange with a deadly foe as well as with a trusty frere, never to approach her side, not once to attempt to assuage her malice or to court her frozen lips into a smile. This was his purpose, and he abode by it: he farmed his land, he hunted, and speared salmon, was rocked in his fishing-boat as far as St. Abbs, read political pamphlets, and sat late over his wine, and sometimes abetted the bold smuggling at his door, much like his contemporaries; but, while no pursuit which he followed with fitful excess seemed to satisfy him as it did others, he never sought to supplement it with courting his alien wife.

Lady Staneholme would fain have enamored her town-bred daughter-in-law with the duties of country life, and cheered the strange joylessness of her honeymoon; but failing in the attempt, with a covert sigh, half of pain, half of pleasure, she resumed the old oversight of larder and dairy, which was then the delight of many an unsophisticated laird's helpmate, and which, to the contented Lady of Staneholme, had quite made up for the partial deprivation of social intercourse to which her infirmity had subjected her. Joan, Madge, and Mysie, wearied of haughty Nelly after they had grown accustomed to the grand attire she never wore, and denied that they had ever been dazzled with it, and ceased to believe that she had danced minuettes in the Assembly Rooms before Miss Jacky Murray. They had their own company and their own stories into which they had no temptation to drag an interloper.

Nelly, in her desolation standing apart in the centre of the wholesome, happy union of the family circle, grew to have her peculiar habits and occupations, her self-contained life into which none of the others could penetrate.

CHAPTER V.

THE sea-pink and the rock saxifrage were making the rugged rocks gay, the blue-bell was nodding on the moor, and Nelly had not died, as she had foolishly fancied she should; she had learned to wander out along the shore or over the trackless moor for hours and hours, and return foot-sore and exhausted; she who had been accustomed only to the Highstreet of Edinburgh, its tall houses with their occasional armorial bearings, its convenient huckster shops, their irregular line intersected by the straight closes, its traffic and gossip; or to the forsaken royal palace, the cowslips of the King's park, which Jeannie Deans might have pulled, the guardian lion of Arthur's Seat on a sunny May morning, with the glittering Forth and distant Leith—its little forest of masts at its feet; or farther still, green Inchkeith, and blue, misty Berwick-Law, could now watch the red sunset burning miles on miles of waving heather, and the full moon hanging above the restless tide; listen to the surf in the storm, and the ripple in the calm, to the cry of the gull and the wh-r-r of the moor cock; pull wild thyme, and pick up purple-tinted shells and perforated stones; and watch shyly her hardy cottar servants cutting peats and tying up flax, catching snatches of their rude border lore of raid and foray under doughty Homes, who wore steel cap and breastplate for powdered wig and cambric cravat.

The coast-line at Staneholme was high and bold, but in place of descending sheerly and precipitately to the yellow sands, it sloped in a green bank, broken by gulleys, where the long sea-grass grew in tangled tufts, interspersed with the yellow leaves of the fern, and in whose sheltered recesses Nelly Carnegie so often lingered that she left them to future generations as "Lady Staneholme's Walks."

There she could see the London smacks and foreign luggers beating up to ride at the pier of Leith. There she could sit for hours, half hidden, and protected from the sea blast, mechanically pulling to pieces the

dried, blackened sea-weed blown up among the small, prickly blush roses : in her green quilted petticoat and spencer she might have been one of the good people's changelings, only the hue of her cheek was more like that of a brownie of the wold ; and, truly, to her remote world there was an impenetrable mystery about the young mistress of Staneholme, in her estrangement and mournfulness ; some said that she had favored another lover, Staneholme had slain in a duel or a night-brawl ; some that the old Staneholmes had sold themselves to the Devil, and a curse was on their remotest descendants ; was not the young laird fey at times, and would not the blithe sisters pass into careworn wives and matrons ?

There sat Nelly, looking at the sea, musing dreamily and drearily on Old Edinburgh, or pondering with sluggish curiosity over the Homes, and what, by casual looks and words, she could not help guessing of their history. The Lairds of Staneholme had wild moss-trooper blood in their veins, and they had vindicated it to the last generation by unsettled lives, reckless intermeddling with public affairs, and inveterate feuds with their brother lairds.

Adam Home's was a hot heart, constant in its impetuosity, buried beneath an icy crust which he strove to preserve, but which hissed and crackled when outward motives failed, or opposition fanned the inner glow. With the elements of a despot but half-tamed, yet like many another tyrant, where unchallenged master of his surroundings—Staneholme wielded his authority with fair result ; tenant and servant, hanger-on and sprig of the central tree bore regard as well as fear for the young laird—all save Staneholme's whilome love and wedded wife.

Nelly did not wish to understand this repressed, ardent nature, although its developments sometimes forced themselves upon her. She had heard Staneholme hound on a refractory tyke till he shouted himself hoarse, and yet turn aside before the badger was unearthed ; she had seen him climb the scaurs, and hang in mid-air dizzily over the black water, to secure the wild-fowl he had shot, and it was but carrion ; and once, Joan and Madge, to whom he was wont to be indulgent in a condescending, superior way, trembled before the stamp of his foot and

kindling flash of his eye. Some affair abroad had disturbed him and he came into the hall, when his sisters' voices were raised dizzily as they played off an idle, ill-thought-of jest on grave, cold Nelly ; "Queans and fools," he termed them, and bade them "end their steer" so harshly, that the free, thoughtless girls did not think of pouting or crying, but shrank back in affright. Nelly Carnigie whom he had humbled to the dust was below his anger.

When the autumn sun basked on the gray mansion of Staneholme, an auspicious event gladdened its chambers—Joan was matched with a gay, gallant young cousin from Teviotdale, and from the commencement of the short wooing to the indefatigable dance which the young bride led off herself right willingly, all was celebrated with smiles and blessings, and harvest-home fulness of joy and gratitude. But a dark shadow moved among the merry-makers ; a young heart robbed of its rights, like an upbraiding ghost, regarding the simple, loving, trusting pair, comparing their consecrated vows with the mockery of a rite into which it had been driven.

The only change time brought to Nelly, was the progress of an unacknowledged bond between her and good old Lady Staneholme. The obstacle to any interchange of ideas and positive confidence between them, was the inducement to the tacit companionship adopted by the sick, wayward heart, with its malady of wrong and grief. Influenced by an instinctive, inexplicable attraction, Nelly's uncertain footsteps followed Lady Staneholme, and kept pace with her soft tread, when she overlooked her spinners and knitters, and gave out her linen and spices, turned over her herbs, and visited her sick and aged. There they were seen—the smiling, deaf old lady, fair in her wrinkles, and her mute, dark, sad daughter whom in patient ignorance she folded in her mantle of universal charity.

CHAPTER VI.

UNDER a pale February sun Nelly was out on the sea-braes, where the sprays of the briar-roses were swept in circles, and streaming far and wide. Nelly lingered in the hollow, and strayed to the utmost limit of her path ; returning, her eye fell on the folds of an object fluttering among the

tedded grass. It was Staneholme's plaid. This was the first time he had intruded upon her solitary refuge. When Nelly climbed the ascent, and saw the mansion house, with its encumbered court, she could distinguish the sharp sound of a horse's hoof; its rider was already out of sight on the bridle-road. Michael Armstrong, the laird's man, was mounting his own nag; Wat Pringle, the grieve, and other farm folk, stood looking after the vanished traveller; Liddel, the Tweedside retriever, paced discontentedly up and down; and old Lady Staneholme met her on the threshold, and as on the night of her arrival at Staneholme, led her up the staircase and into her sleeping chamber. Nelly marked, with dim dread, the tear-stains on the palid cheeks of placid age, and the trembling of the feeble hand that guided her. She had nothing to fear, but what was the news for which there was such solemn preparation?

"My puir bairn," Lady Staneholme began brokenly, "I've had an interview with my son, and I've learnt, late, some passages in the past; and I wonder not, but I maun lament, for I am a widow mother, Nelly, and my only son Adam, that did you wrong and showed you no pity, has got his orders to serve with the soldiers in the Low Countries. He has not stayed to think; he has left without one farewell: he is off and away, to wash out the sins of him and his in his young blood; and I will never see his face more: but you are a free woman; and he bids you, as the last duty he will receive at your hand, read his words."

Nelly's hand closed tightly over its enclosure. "Who says I told he did me wrang?" she said, proudly, her dilated eyes lifted up to the deprecating ones that did not avoid her gaze.

"Na, na, ye never stoopit to blame him. Weary fa' him, Nelly Carnegie," ejaculated honest Lady Staneholme, "although he is my ain, that made you his, sair, sair against your woman's will; and so binged up blacker guilt at his doorstane, as if the lightest heritage o' sin were na' hard to step ower. But, God forgive me! It's Staneholme risen up to enter afresh upon his straits, and may He send him pardon and peace in his ain time."

"Nelly" (Staneholme's letter said), "for my Nelly you'll never be, though the law

has given me body and estate, what garred me love you like life or death? I've seen bonnier, and you're not good like my mother, or you would have forgiven me long syne. Why did you laugh, and mock, and scorn me, when I first made up to you among your fine Edinburgh folks? Had you turned your shoulder upon me with still stedfastness, I might have been driven to the wall—I would have believed you. When you said that you would lie in the grave sooner than in my arms; you roused the evil temper within me; and though I had mounted the Grass-market, I swore I would make you my wife. What call or title had you, a young lass, to thwart your lady mother and the Laird of Staneholme? And when I had gone thus far—O! Nelly, pity me—there was no room to repent or turn back; I dared not leave you to dree your mother's wrath, alane: less risk in your wild heart beating itself to death against the other, that would have gladly shed its last drop for its captive's sake. But Heaven punished me. I found, Nelly, that the hand that had dealt the blow could not heal it. How could I approach you with soft words, that had good right to shed tears of blood for my deeds? So, as I cannot put my hand in my breast and die like my father, I'll quit my moors and haughs and my country; I'll cross the sea and bear the musketoon, and never return; in part to atone, for you sall have the choice to rule with my mother in the routh and goodwill of Staneholme, and among the heather braes, or take the fee for the dowager lands of Eweford, and dwell in state in the centre of the stone, and lime, and reek, and lords and ladies of Edinburgh; in part because I can hold out no longer, nor bide another day in Tantalus, which is the book name for an ill place of fruitless longing and blighted hope. I'll no be near you in your danger, because when other wives cry for the strong, grieved faces of their gudemen, you will ban the day your een first fell upon me. Nelly Carnegie, why did my love bring no return; no ae sweet kiss; never yet a kind blink of your brown een, that looked at me ance in gay defiance, and now heavily and darkly, till they close on this world?"

Something more Staneholme raved of this undeserved, unwon love, whose possession had become an exaggerated good which he had continued to crave, without word or sign, with a boy's frenzy and a man's stanchness. Nelly's power of will was over; she sat with the paper in her hand as if she had ceased to comprehend its contents—as if its release from bondage came too late.

"Dinna ye ken, Nelly woman, his pres-

ence will vex you no longer; you're at liberty to go your own gate, and be as you have been—that was his propine," whispered Lady Staneholme, in sorrowful perplexity, but without rousing Nelly from her stupor; and thus they lifted her on her bed, and watched her until her trial took hold of her. No stand did Nelly make against pain and anguish; she was sinking fast into that dreamless sleep where the weary are at rest, when Lady Staneholme stood by her bed and laid an heir by her side, bidding her rejoice in tones that fell off into a faint, quavering sob of tenderness and woe; but Nelly's crushed, stunned heart had still some hidden spring among its withered verdure, and her Benoni called her back from the land of forgetfulness.

CHAPTER VII.

NELLY recovered, at first slowly but cheerfully, latterly with a doubt and apprehension creeping over her brightening prospect—until, all too certainly and hopelessly, her noon, that had been disturbed with thunder-claps and dashing rain, was shrouded in grey twilight.

Nelly would live, but, attacked by a relentless malady, her limbs would never more obey her active spirit; the little feet that had slid in courtly measure, and twinkled in blithe strathspeys, and wandered restlessly over moor and brae, were stretched out in leaden helplessness. When she was young, she "had girded herself and gone whither she would;" but now, ere she was old, while there was not one silver thread in those chesnut locks, "another would gird her and carry her whither she would not." And O! to think how the young mother's heart was ready to bud and bloom anew, but doomed, until the angel of death freed it from its tabernacle of clay, to drag out a protracted existence, linked to the corpse-like frame of threescore and ten.

Nelly never spoke of her affliction—never parted from her baby. Travelling with difficulty, she removed to Edinburgh, to the aspiring tenement in the busy Canongate, which she had quitted in her distraction. Lady Carnegie, in her rustling silk and with her clicking ivory shuttle, received her into her little household, but not caring to conceal that she did so on account of the alimant Staneholme had secured to his forsaken wife and heir, and not enduring the occasional

sight of her daughter's infirmities without beshrewing them as a reflection on her own dignity, sneering and scoffing at them, until Nanny Swinton began to fear that the judgment of God might strike her lady, a venerable grandame without one weakness of bodily decay or human affection.

And did Nelly fret and moan over the invalid condition for which there was neither palliation nor remedy. No, a blessing upon her at last, she began to witness a good testimony to the original mettle and bravery of her nature. She accepted the tangible evil direct from God's hand, sighingly, submissively, with a noble meekness of resignation, to what she recognised as Heaven's decree. She rose above her hapless lot, and the wreck that man's injuries and injustice had wrought upon her—the buoyant, tenacious nature—the old Nelly Carnegie, though subdued and chastened, in a degree restored.

"Nanny! Nanny Swinton!" called Nelly from her couch, as she managed to hold up, almost exultingly, the big crowing baby, in its quaintest of mantles and caps, "Staneholme's son's a braw bairn, well worthy Lady Carnegie's coral and bells."

"Deed is he," Nanny assented. "He'll grow up a stately man like his grandsire;" and recurring naturally to forbidden memories, "he'll be the marrow of Master Hugh. Ye dinna mind Maister Hugh, Lady Staneholme—the picture o' auld Lady Carnegie. That I suld call her auld!"

Nelly's brow contracted with something of its old indignation—soon up, soon down. "There's never a look of the Carnegies in my son; he has his father's brow and lip and hair, and you're but a gowk, Nanny Swinton!" and Nelly lay back and closed her eyes, after a season opening them, to tell Nanny Swinton that "she had been dreaming of a strange, foreign city, full of pictures and carved woodwork, and of a high road traversing a rich plain shaded by apple and chesnut trees, and of something winding and glittering through the branches," leaving Nanny, who could not stand the sight of two magpies or of a cuckoo of a morning before she had broken her fast, sorely troubled to account for the vision.

The gloaming of a night in June was on the Canongate and the silent palace of the gallant, gentle King Jamies; Lady Carnegie was gracing some rout or drum; Nanny

Swinton was shut in her kitchen, burnishing her superannuated treasures, and crooning to herself as she worked; Nelly, in her solitary, shadowy room, lay plaiting and pinching the cambric and muslin gear whose manufacture was her daily occupation, with her child's clumsy cradle drawn within reach of her hand, when, through the dim light, she distinguished a man's figure at the door. Nelly knew full well those lineaments, with their mingled fire and gloom, to the soldier's feathered beaver in his hand. They did not exasperate her as they had once done; they appalled her with great shuddering; and sinking back, Nelly gasped—

"Are you dead and gone, Staneholme? Do you walk to seek my love that ye prigget for, that canna gladden you now? Gae back to the bottom of the sea, or the bloody battle-field, and in the Lord's name rest there."

The figure stepped nearer; and Nelly, even in her blinding terror, distinguished that it was no shadowy apparition, but mortal like herself. The curdling blood rushed back to Nelly's face, flooding the colorless cheek, and firing her with a new impulse. She snatched her child from its slumber, and clasped it to her breast with her thin transparent hands.

"Have you come back to claim your son, Adam Home? But you'll have to tear him from me with your man's strength, for he's mine as well as yours; and he's my last, my only jewel."

And Nelly sat bolt upright, with her rosy burden contrasting with her young, faded face, and her large eyes beginning to flame like those of a wild beast about to be robbed of its young.

"O no, Nelly, no;" groaned Staneholme, covering his face; "I heard of your distress, and I came but to speak of your welfare." And he made a motion to withdraw.

But Nelly's heart smote her, for the wrong her rash words had done him—a wayworn, conscience-smitten man—and she recalled him reluctantly.

"Ye may have meant well. I bear you no ill-will: I am stricken myself. Take a look at your laddie, Adam Home before ye gang."

He advanced when she bade him, and received the child from her arms; but with such pause and hesitation that it might have seemed he thought more of his hands again

meeting poor Nelly Carnegie's, and of her breath fanning his cheek, than of the precious load she magnanimously intrusted to him. He did look at the infant in his awkward grasp, but it was with a stifled sigh of disappointment.

"He may be a braw bairn, Nelly, I know not; but he has no look of yours."

"Na, he's a Home every inch of him, my bonny boy," Nelly assented, eagerly. After a moment she turned her head, and added peevishly, "I'm a sick woman, and ye need not mind what I say; I'm no fit for company. Good day; but mind, I've forgot and forgiven, and wish my bairn's father well."

"Nanny Swinton," called Nelly to her faithful nurse, as she tossed on her bed, deep in the sober dimness of the summer night, "think you that Staneholme will be booted and spurred with the sun, riding through the Loudons to Lauderdale?"

"It's like, Lady Staneholme," answered Nanny, drowsily. "The keep o' man and beast is heavy in the town, and he'll be fain to look on his ain house, and greet the folk at home after these mony months beyond the seas. Preserve him and ilka kindly Scot from fell Popish notions rife yonder."

"A miserable comforter are you, Nanny Swinton," muttered her mistress, as she hushed her child, and pressed her fevered lips to each tiny feature.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUT Staneholme came again in broad day, the next day—the next—and the next, with half excuses and vague talk of business, and Lady Carnegie did not interdict his visits, his weakness, and inconsistency, for they were seemly in the eyes of the world—which she honored after herself, although she washed her hands of further concerns of these fools.

And Nelly talked to him with a grave friendliness, like one restored from madness or risen from another world. "Staneholme, you've never kissed the wean, and it's an ill omen," she said, suddenly, watching him intently as he dandled the child, and, as if jealous of any other omission regarding it, appearing satisfied when he complied with her fancy.

"The curtain is drawn, and the shadow is on you; but is there a scar on your brow, Staneholme, and where did you get it?"

"A clour from a French Pistol:" it was

but skin deep—he was off his camp-bed in a few days.

He stooped forward, as he spoke slightly, and pushed back the hair that half obscured the faint blue seam.

“Whisht?” said Nelly, reprovingly, “dinna scorr sickness; that bitstroke might have cost Lady Staneholme her son and my bairn his father;” and she bent towards him in her turn, and passed her fingers curiously and pityingly over the healed wound, ignorant how it burned and throbbed under her touch. “When the bairn is grown, and can rin his lane, Staneholme,” Nelly informed him in her new-found freedom of speech, “I will send him for a summer to Staneholme; I’ll be loanesome without him, but Michael Armstrong will teach him to ride, and he’ll stand by Lady Staneholme’s knee.” Staneholme expressed no gratitude for the offer, he was fastening the buckle of his beaver. The next time he came he twisted a rose in his hand, and Nelly felt that it must indeed be Beltame: she looked at the flower wistfully, and wondered, “would the breezes be shaking the bear and the briar roses on the sea-braes at Staneholme, or were the grapes of southern vines bonnier than they.” He flung down the flower, and strode to her side.

“Come hame, Nelly,” he prayed passionately; “byganes may be byganes now. I’ve deserted the camp, I’ve left its honors and its dangers—and I could have liked them well—to free men, and am here to take you hame.”

Nelly was thunderstruck. “Hame!” she said, at last, slowly, “where you compelled me to travel, where I gloomed on you day and night, as I vowed; I, who would not be a charge and an oppression to the farthest-off cousins that bear your name. Are you demented?”

“And this is the end,” groaned Staneholme in bitterness; “I dreamt that I would win at last. I did not love you for your health and strength, nor your youth and beauty. I declare to you, Nelly Carnegie, your face is fairer to me, carved deeper on my heart, lying lily white on your pillow there, than when it was fresh like that rose; and when others deserted you and left you forlorn, I thought I might try again, and who kent but the ill would be blotted out for the sake of the strong love that wrought it.”

A dimness came across Nelly’s eyes, and a faintness over her choking heart; but she pressed her hands upon her breast and strove against it for the sake of her womanhood.

“And I dreamed,” she answered slowly and tremulously, “that it but to be true, true love, however it had sinned, that neither slight nor hate, nor absence nor fell decay could uproot; and that could tempt me to break my plighted word, and lay my infirmity on the man that bargained for me like gear, and that I swore—Heaven absolve me!—I would gar rue his success till his dein’ day. Adam Home, what are you seekin’ at my hands?”

“Nae mair than you’ll grant, Nelly Carnegie, pardon and peace, my young gudewife, the desire o’ my eyes. I’ll be feet to you, Nelly, as long’s I’m to the fore.”

“Big tramping feet, Staneholme,” said Nelly, trying to jest, and pushing him back; “dinna promise ower fair. Na, Adam Home, ye’ll waukin the bairn!”

So Staneholme bought the grand new family coach of which the Homes had talked for the last generation; and Lady Carnegie curtsied her supercilious adieus, and hoped her son and daughter would be better keepers at home for the future. And Nanny Swinton wore her new gown and cockerlonie, and blessed her bairn and her bairn’s bairn, through tears that were now no more than a sunny shower, the silver mist of the past storm.

There was brooding heat on the moors and a glory on the sea when Staneholme rode by his lady’s coach, within sight of home.

“There will be no great gathering to-night, Staneholme; no shots nor cheers; no lunt in the blue sky; only doubt and amaze about an old man and wife: but there will be two happy hearts that were heavy as stane before. Well-a-day! to think I should be fain to return this way.”

Staneholme laughed, and retorted something perhaps neither quite modest nor wise; but the ready tongue that had learnt so speedily to pour itself out to his greedy ears did not now scold and contradict him, but sighed—

“Ah, Adam Home, you do not have the best of it; it is sweet to be bent; I didna ken—I never guessed that.”

Gladly astounded were the retainers of Staneholme at their young laird’s unannounced return, safe and sound, from the

ware; but greater and more agreeable was their friendly surprise to find that his sick wife, who came back with him unstrengthened in body, reappeared healed and hearty in spirit. Well might good old Lady Stanholme rejoice, and hush her bold grandson, for the change was not evanescent nor its effects uncertain. As Stanholme drove out his ailing wife, or constructed a seat for her on the fresh moor, or looked at her stitching his frilled shirts as intently as the child's falling collars, and talked to her of his duties and his sports, his wildness was controlled and dignified by the presence of a trust that,

in proportion as he valued it above silver and gold, lands and life, he held loosely—that kept all others in mind, and at once humbled and ennobled him—and when he sat, how much the head and protector of his deaf old mother, and his little frolicsome, fearless child, and his Nelly Carnegie, whose spirit had come again, but whose body remained but a sear relic of her blooming youth, his fitful melancholy melted into the sober tenderness of a penitent, believing man, who dares not complain, who must praise God, and be thankful so long as life's greatest boons are spared to him.

RESUSCITATION OF DROWNED FLIES.—This communication may possibly appear frivolous to some, but as it bears relation to a "singular fact in natural history," as the saying is, I venture to make it, in hopes of gathering some further information on the subject.

Being engaged on one occasion, in the days of my boyhood, in assisting some half-drowned house flies in drying their wings, and so starting them again in the world, I bethought me of using powdered plate-whitening for the purpose. In addition to these there were some other flies, which had been immersed in water twenty minutes at least, and were apparently dead, to all intents and purposes. They were, however, powdered with the rest and laid in a window, exposed to a hot, midsummer sun. Great was my surprise to find that in a few minutes these *drowned* flies, if I may use the term, came to life again. I afterwards tried the experiment with other flies, which had been immersed in water, so far as I recollect, a still longer time, and was equally successful.

Hitherto I have never met with any one who was aware of this singular fact, nor have I found it mentioned or alluded to in any modern work. The ancients, however, I find, were aware of it. Pliny says (*Hist. Nat.*, b. xi. c. 43.), "Musci humore exanimatis, si cinere condantur, redit vita,"—"Flies which have been drowned in water, if they are covered with ashes will return to life." *Ælian* (*Hist. Anim.*, b. ii. c. 29.) says the same, but adds the important particular, that the flies must be placed in the sun. Manuel Phile also a Byzantine poet, in his poem *On the Properties of Animals*, mentions the fact.

I wish to learn from some one more learned in Entomology than myself, whether this property is peculiar to flies, and if not to what other insects it extends? Also, whether it has been remarked upon by any modern writer, and how it is accounted for? Has it ever been tried how far intense heat might be useful towards resuscitating persons apparently drowned?—*Notes and Queries*.

WHAT WAS THE LARGEST SUM EVER GIVEN FOR A PICTURE?—In Weale's *London exhibited* in 1821, is the following statement:

"Mr. G. Tomline, M. P., Carlton House Terrace, is the possessor of a few pictures of high importance. Among them is the Pool of Bethesda, or Christ healing the Paralytic, considered to be the finest picture from the hand of Murillo, for elevation of character and other great qualities of art. It was obtained from the Hospital of La Caridad, at Seville, by Marshal Soult, of whom Mr. Tomline purchased it at a cost of 7500*l.*, being the largest sum ever given for any picture in England."

Was this statement a correct one, and does it hold good at the present day? If so, the country-men of the picture-plunderer Soult have completely outdone us in this respect, since Murillo's "Conception of the Virgin" was purchased by the French government, at Marshal Soult's sale in May, 1852, for 24,612*l.* Has any higher price than this ever been given for a picture in *any* country? It will be remarked, that the two pictures mentioned were both by Murillo, and both had belonged to Marshal Soult. The fifteen Murillos sold at his sale realized 46,580*l.*—*Notes and Queries*.

EARLIEST NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA.—"The earliest newspaper in the New World dates back to an earlier period than our annalists generally allow. In the *Dictionary of Dates*, by Putnam, it is stated in accordance with the general belief, that the first American newspaper was the *Boston News Letter* of 1704. In the State Paper Office at London there is, however, a copy, perhaps the only one extant, of a folio newspaper sheet, printed at Boston, and having the date of September 25th, 1690."

Could "N. & Q." furnish any extracts from this last publication? To all Bostonians they would be of peculiar interest.—*Notes and Queries*.

No popular saying is more commonly accepted than the maxim which asserts, that Time is the great consoler; and, probably, no popular saying more imperfectly expresses the truth. The work that we must do, the responsibilities that we must undertake, the example that we must set to others,—these are the great consolers, for these apply the first remedies to the malady of grief. Time possessing nothing but the negative virtue of helping it to wear itself out. Who that has observed at all, has not perceived that those among us who soonest recover from the shock of a great grief for the dead, are those who have most duties to perform towards the living? When the shadow of calamity rests on our houses, the question with us is, not how much time will suffice to bring back the sunshine to us again, but how much occupation have we got to force us forward into the place where the sunshine is waiting for us to come? Time may claim many victories, but not the victory over grief. The great consolation for the loss of the dead who are gone is to be found in the great necessity of thinking of the living who remain.

The history of Rosamond's daily life, now that the darkness of a heavy affliction had fallen on it, was in itself the sufficient illustration of this truth. When all the strength even of her strong character had been prostrated by the unspeakably awful shock of her mother's sudden death, it was not the slow lapse of time that helped to raise her up again, but the necessity which would not wait for time—the necessity which made her remember what was due to the husband who sorrowed with her, to the child whose young life was linked to hers, and to the old man whose helpless grief found no support but in the comfort she could give, learnt no lesson of resignation but from the example she could set.

From the first, the responsibility of sustaining him had rested on her shoulders alone. Before the close of day had been counted out by the first hour of the night, she had been torn from the bedside by the necessity of meeting him at the door, and preparing him to know that he was entering the chamber of death. To guide the dreadful truth gradually and gently, till it stood

face to face with him, to support him under the shock of recognizing it, to help his mind to recover after the inevitable blow had struck it at last, these were the sacred duties which claimed all the devotion that Rosamond had to give, and which forbade her heart to dwell selfishly on its own grief. It was not the least of the trials she had now to face, to see the condition of vacant helplessness to which he was reduced under the weight of an affliction which he had no strength to bear.

He looked like a man whose faculties had been stunned past recovery. He would sit for hours with the musical-box by his side, patting it absently from time to time, and whispering to himself as he looked at it, but never attempting to set it playing. It was the one memorial left that reminded him of all the joys and sorrows, the simple family interests and affections of his past life. When Rosamond first sat by his side and took his hand to comfort him, he looked backwards and forwards with forlorn eyes from her compassionate face to the musical-box, and vacantly repeated to himself the same words over and over again: "They are all gone—my brother Max, my wife, my little Joseph, my sister Agatha, and Sarah my niece! I and my little bit of box are left alone together in the world. Mozart can sing no more. He has sung to the last of them now!"

The second day there was no change in him. On the third, Rosamond placed the book of Hymns reverently on her mother's bosom, laid a lock of her own hair round it, and kissed the sad, peaceful face for the last time. The old man was with her at that silent leave-taking, and followed her away, when it was over. By the side of the coffin, and, afterwards, when she took him back with her to her husband, he was still sunk in the same apathy of grief which had overwhelmed him from the first. But when they began to speak of the removal of the remains the next day to Portgenoa churchyard, they noticed that his dim eyes brightened suddenly, and that his wandering attention followed every word they said. After a while, he rose from his chair, approached Rosamond, and looked anxiously in her face. "I think I could bear it better

if you would let me go with her?" he said. "We two should have gone back to Cornwall together, if she had lived. Will you let us still go back together now that she has died!"

Rosamond gently remonstrated, and tried to make him see that it was best to leave the remains to be removed under the charge of her husband's servant, whose fidelity could be depended on, and whose position made him the fittest person to be charged with cares and responsibilities which near relations were not capable of undertaking with sufficient composure. She told him that her husband intended to stop in London, to give her one day of rest and quiet which she absolutely needed, and that they then proposed to return to Cornwall in time to be at Porthgenna before the funeral took place; and she begged earnestly that he would not think of separating his lot from theirs at a time of trouble and trial, when they ought to be all three most closely united by the ties of mutual sympathy and mutual sorrow.

He listened silently and submissively while Rosamond was speaking, but he only repeated his simple petition when she had done. The one idea in his mind, now, was the idea of going back to Cornwall with all that was left on earth of his sister's child. Leonard and Rosamond both saw that it would be useless to oppose it, both felt that it would be cruelty to keep him with them, and kindness to let him go away. After privately charging the servant to spare him all trouble and difficulty, to humor him by acceding to any wishes that he might express, and to give him all possible protection and help without obtruding either officiously on his attention, they left him free to follow the one purpose of his heart which still connected him with the interests and events of the passing day. "I shall thank you better soon," he said at leave-taking, "for letting me go away out of this din of London with all that is left to me of Sarah, my niece. I will dry up my tears as well as I can, and try to have more courage when we meet again."

On the next day, when they were alone, Rosamond and her husband sought refuge from the oppression of the present, in speaking together of the future, and of the influence which the change in their fortunes

ought to be allowed to exercise on their plans and projects for the time to come. After exhausting this topic, the conversation turned next on the subject of their friends, and on the necessity of communicating to some of the oldest of their associates the events which had followed the discovery in the Myrtle Room. The first name on their lips while they were considering this question, was the name of Dr. Chennery; and Rosamond, dreading the effect on her spirits of allowing her mind to remain unoccupied, volunteered to write to the vicar at once, referring briefly to what had happened since they had last communicated with him, and asking him to fulfil, that year, an engagement of long standing, which he had made with her husband and herself, to spend his autumn holiday with them at Porthgenna Tower. Rosamond's heart yearned for a sight of her old friend; and she knew him well enough to be assured that a hint at the affliction which had befallen her, and at the hard trial which she had undergone, would be more than enough to bring them together the moment Doctor Chennery could make his arrangements for leaving home.

The writing of this letter suggested recollections which called to mind another friend, whose intimacy with Leonard and Rosamond was of recent date, but whose connection with the earlier among the train of circumstances which had led to the discovery of the Secret, entitled him to a certain share in their confidence. This friend was Mr. Orridge, the doctor at West Winston, who had accidentally been the means of bringing Rosamond's mother to her bedside. To him she now wrote acknowledging the promise which she had made, on leaving West Winston, to communicate the result of their search for the Myrtle Room; and informing him that it had terminated in the discovery of some very sad events, of a family nature, which were now numbered with the events of the past. More than this, it was not necessary to say to a friend who had occupied such a position towards them as that held by Mr. Orridge.

Rosamond had written the address of this second letter, and was absently drawing lines on the blotting-paper with her pen, when she was startled by hearing a contention of angry voices in the passage outside. Almost before she had time to wonder what the

noise meant, the door was violently pushed open, and a tall, shabbily dressed, elderly man, with a peevish, haggard face, and a ragged gray beard, stalked in, followed indignantly by the head waiter of the hotel.

"I have three times told this person," began the waiter, with a strong emphasis on the word "person," "that Mr. and Mrs. Frankland——"

"Werenot at home," broke in the shabbily dressed man, finishing the sentence for the waiter. "Yes, you told me that; and I told you that the gift of speech was only used by mankind for the purpose of telling lies, and that consequently I didn't believe you. You have told a lie. Here are Mr. and Mrs. Frankland both at home. I come on business, and I mean to have five minutes' talk with them. I sit down unasked, and I announce my own name, Andrew Treverton."

With those words he sat down coolly in the nearest chair. Leonard's cheeks reddened with anger while he was speaking, but Rosamond interposed before her husband could say a word.

"It is useless, love, to be angry with him," she whispered. "The quiet way is the best way with a man like that." She made a sign to the waiter which gave him permission to leave the room—then turned to Mr. Treverton. "You have forced your presence on us, sir," she said quietly, "at a time when a very sad affliction makes us quite unfit for contentions of any kind. We are willing to show more consideration for your age than you have shown for our grief. If you have any thing to say to my husband, he is ready to control himself and to hear you quietly, for my sake."

"And I shall be short with him and with you, for my own sake," rejoined Mr. Treverton. "No woman has ever had the chance yet of sharpening her tongue long on me, or ever shall. I have come here to tell you three things. First, your lawyer has told me all about the discovery in the Myrtle Room, and how you made it. Secondly, I have got your money. Thirdly, I mean to keep it. What do you think of that?"

"I think you need not give yourself the trouble of remaining in the room any longer, if your only object in coming here is to tell us what we know already," said Leonard. "We know you have got the money; and we never doubted that you meant to keep it."

"You are quite sure of that, I suppose?" said Mr. Treverton. "Quite sure you have no lingering hope that any future twists and turns of the law will take the money out of my pocket again and put it back into yours? It is only fair to tell you that there is not the shadow of a chance of any such thing ever happening, or of my ever turning generous and rewarding you of my own accord for the sacrifice you have made. I have been to Doctors' Commons, I have taken out a grant of administration, I have got the money legally, I have lodged it safe at my banker's, and I have never had one kind feeling in my heart since I was born. That was my brother's character of me, and he knew more of my disposition, of course, than any one else. Once again, I tell you both, not a farthing of all that large fortune will ever return to either of you."

"And once again I tell you," said Leonard, "that we have no desire to hear what we know already. It is a relief to my conscience and to my wife's to have resigned a fortune which we had no right to possess; and I speak for her as well as for myself when I tell you that your attempt to attach an interested motive to our renunciation of that money, is an insult to us both which you ought to have been ashamed to offer."

"That is your opinion, is it?" said Mr. Treverton. "You, who have lost the money speak to me, who have got it, in that manner, do you? Pray, do you approve of your husband's treating a rich man who might make both your fortunes, in that way?" he inquired, addressing himself sharply to Rosamond.

"Most assuredly I approve of it," she answered. "I never agreed with him more heartily in my life than I agree with him now."

"O!" said Mr. Treverton. "Then it seems you care no more for the loss of the money than he does?"

"He has told you already," said Rosamond, "that it is as great a relief to my conscience as to his, to have given it up."

Mr. Treverton carefully placed a thick stick which he carried with him, upright between his knees, crossed his hands on the top of it, rested his chin on them, and, in that investigating position, stared steadily in Rosamond's face.

"I rather wish I had brought Shrowl

here with me," he said to himself. "I should like him to have seen this. It staggers me, and I rather think it would have staggered him. 'Both these people,'" continued Mr. Treverton, looking perplexedly from Rosamond to Leonard, and from Leonard back again to Rosamond, "are to all outward appearance, human beings. They walk on their hind legs, they express ideas readily by uttering articulate sounds, they have the usual allowance of features, and in respect of weight, height, and size generally, they appear to me to be mere average human creatures of the common civilized sort. And yet, there they sit, taking the loss of a fortune of forty thousand pounds as easily as Croesus, King of Lydia, might have taken the loss of a half-penny!"

He rose, put on his hat, tucked the thick stick under his arm and advanced a few steps towards Rosamond.

"I am going now," he said. "Would you like to shake hands?"

Rosamond turned her back on him contemptuously.

Mr. Treverton chuckled with an air of supreme satisfaction.

Meanwhile, Leonard, who sat near the fireplace, and whose color was rising angrily once more, had been feeling for the bell-rope, and had just succeeded in getting it into his hand, as Mr. Treverton approached the door.

"Don't ring, Lenny," said Rosamond. "He is going of his own accord."

Mr. Treverton stepped out into the passage, then glanced back into the room with an expression of puzzled curiosity on his face, as if he was looking into a cage which contained two animals of a species that he had never heard of before. "I have seen some strange sights in my time," he said to himself. "I have had some queer experience of this trumpery little planet and of the creatures who inhabit it—but I never was staggered yet by any human phenomena, as I am staggered now by those two." He shut the door without saying another word, and Rosamond heard him chuckle to himself again as he walked away along the passage.

Ten minutes afterwards, the waiter brought up a sealed letter addressed to Mrs. Frankland. It had been written, he said,

in the coffee-room of the hotel, by the "person" who had intruded himself into Mr. and Mrs. Frankland's presence. After giving it to the waiter to deliver, he had gone away in a hurry, swinging his thick stick complacently, and laughing to himself.

Rosamond opened the letter.

On one side of it was a crossed cheque, drawn in her name, for Forty Thousand pounds.

On the other side, were these lines of explanation:

"Take this. First, because you and your husband are the only two people I have ever met with who are not likely to be made rascals by being made rich. Secondly, because you have told the truth, when letting it out meant losing money, and keeping it in, saving a fortune. Thirdly, because you are not the child of the player-woman. Fourthly, because you can't help yourself—for I shall leave it to you at my death, if you won't have it now. Good-bye. Don't come and see me, don't write grateful letters to me, don't invite me into the country, don't praise my generosity, and, above all things, don't have anything more to do with Shrowl!"

"ANDREW TREVERTON."

The first thing Rosamond did, when she and her husband had a little recovered from their astonishment, was to disobey the injunction which forbade her to address any grateful letters to Mr. Treverton. The messenger who was sent with her note to Bayswater, returned without an answer, and reported that he had received directions from an invisible man, with a gruff voice, to throw it over the garden-wall and to go away immediately after, unless he wanted to have his head broken.

Mr. Nixon, to whom Leonard immediately sent word of what had happened, volunteered to go to Bayswater the same evening, and make an attempt to see Mr. Treverton on Mr. and Mrs. Frankland's behalf. He found Timon of London more approachable than he had anticipated. The misanthrope was, for once in his life, in a good humor. This extraordinary change in him had been produced by the sense of satisfaction which he experienced in having just turned Shrowl out of his situation on the ground that his master was not fit company for him after having committed such an act of folly as giving Mrs. Frankland back her forty thou-

sand pounds. "I told him," said Mr. Treverton, chuckling over his recollection of the parting-scene between his servant and himself. "I told him that I could not possibly expect to merit his continued approval after what I had done, and that I could not think of detaining him in his place, under the circumstances. I begged him to view my conduct as leniently as he could, because the first cause that led to it was, after all, his copying the plan of Porthgenna, which guided Mrs. Frankland to the discovery in the Myrtle Room. I congratulated him on having got a reward of five pounds for being the means of restoring a fortune of forty thousand; and I bowed him out with a polite humility that half drove him mad. Shrowl and I have had a good many tussles in our time: he was always even with me till to-day, and now I've thrown him on his back at last!"

Although Mr. Treverton was willing to talk of the defeat and dismissal of Shrowl as long as the lawyer would listen to him, he was perfectly unmanageable on the subject of Mrs. Frankland, when Mr. Nixon tried to turn the conversation to that topic. He would hear no messages—he would give no promise of any sort for the future. All that

he could be prevailed on to say about himself and his own projects, was, that he intended to give up the house at Bayswater and to travel again for the purpose of studying human nature, in different countries, on a plan that he had not tried yet—the plan of endeavoring to find out the good that there might be in people as well as the bad. He said the idea had been suggested to his mind by his anxiety to ascertain whether Mr. and Mrs. Frankland were perfectly exceptional human beings or not. At present, he was disposed to think that they were, and that his travels were not likely to lead to anything at all remarkable in the shape of a satisfactory result. Mr. Nixon pleaded hard for something in the shape of a friendly message to take back, along with the news of his intended departure. The request produced nothing but a sardonic chuckle, followed by this parting speech, delivered to the lawyer at the garden-gate.

"Tell those two amazing people," said Timon of London, "that I may give up my travels in disgust when they least expect it; and that I may possibly come and look at them again, for the sake of getting one satisfactory sensation more out of the lamentable spectacle of humanity before I die."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.—THE DAWN OF A NEW LIFE.

Four days afterwards, Rosamond and Leonard and Uncle Joseph met together in the cemetery of the church at Porthgenna.

The earth to which we all return, had closed over Her; the weary pilgrimage of Sarah Leeson had come to its quiet end at last. The miner's grave from which she had twice plucked in secret her few memorial fragments of grass, had given her the home, in death, which in life, she had never known. The roar of the surf was stilled to a low murmur before it reached the place of her rest; and the wind that swept joyously over the open moor, paused a little when it met the old trees that watched over the graves, and wound onward softly through the myrtle hedge that held them all embraced alike in its circle of lustrous green.

Some hours had passed since the last words of the burial service had been read. The fresh turf was heaped already over the mound, and the old headstone with the miner's epitaph on it had been raised once more in its former place at the head of the

grave. Rosamond was reading the inscription softly to her husband. Uncle Joseph had walked a little apart from them while she was thus engaged, and had knelt down by himself at the foot of the mound. He was fondly smoothing and patting the newly-laid turf,—as he had often smoothed Sarah's hair in the long past days of her youth,—as he had often patted her hand in the after-time, when her heart was weary and her hair was grey.

"Shall we add any new words to the old worn letters as they stand now?" said Rosamond, when she had read the inscription to the end. "There is a blank space left on the stone. Shall we fill it, love, with the initials of my mother's name, and the date of her death? I feel something in my heart which seems to tell me to do that, and to do no more."

"So let it be, Rosamond," said her husband. "That short and simple inscription is the fittest and the best."

She looked away, as he gave that answer,

to the foot of the grave, and left him for a moment to approach the old man. "Take my hand, Uncle Joseph," she said, touching him gently on the shoulder, "and let us go back together to the house."

He rose as she spoke, and looked at her doubtfully. The musical-box, enclosed in its well-worn leather case, lay on the grave near the place where he had been kneeling. Rosamond took it up from the grass, and slung it in the old place at his side, which it always occupied when he was away from home. He sighed a little as he thanked her. "Mozart can sing no more," he said. "He has sung to the last of them now!"

"Don't say to the last, yet," said Rosamond, "don't say to the last, Uncle Joseph, while I am alive. Surely Mozart will sing to me, for my mother's sake?"

A smile—the first she had seen since the time of their grief—trembled faintly round his lips. "There is comfort in that," he said; "there is comfort for Uncle Joseph still, in hearing that."

"Take my hand," she repeated softly. "Come home with us now."

He looked down wistfully at the grave. "I will follow you," he said, "if you will go on before me to the gate."

Rosamond took her husband's arm, and guided him to the path that led out of the churchyard. As they passed from sight, Uncle Joseph knelt again at the foot of the grave, and pressed his lips on the fresh turf.

"Good-bye, my child," he whispered, and laid his cheek for a moment against the grass, before he rose again.

At the gate Rosamond was waiting for him. Her right hand was resting on her husband's arm; her left hand was held out for Uncle Joseph to take.

"How cool the breeze is!" said Leonard. "How pleasantly the sea sounds! Surely this is a fine summer day!"

"The brightest and loveliest of the year," said Rosamond. "The only clouds on the sky are clouds of shining white; the only shadows over the moor lie light as down on the heather. The sun glows clear in its glory of gold, and the sea beams back on it in its glory of blue. O, Lenny, it is such a different day from that day of dull oppression and misty heat when we found the letter in the Mrytle Room! Even the dark tower of our old house, yonder, gains a new beauty in the clear air, and seems to be arrayed in its brightest aspect to welcome us to the beginning of a new life. I will make it a happy life to you, and to Uncle Joseph, if I can—happy as the sunshine that we are all three walking in now. You shall never repent, love, if I can help it, that you have married a wife who has no claim of her own to the honors of a family name."

"I can never repent my marriage, love," said Leonard, "because I can never forget the lesson that my wife has taught me."

"What lesson, Lenny?"

"An old one, my dear, which some of us can never learn too often. The highest honors, Rosamond, are those which no accident can take away—the honors that are conferred by LOVE and TRUTH."

THE END.

GENTOO.—In support of the Portuguese origin of this term, allow me to quote the following extract from the *Supplementary Glossary of Terms used in the North-Western Provinces* (of Bengal), by the late Sir H. M. Elliot, p. 323:

"This word is a corruption of the Portuguese *gentio*, a Gentile. Dr. Fryer (*Travels*, 1672 to 1681) says 'the *gentues*, the Portugal idiom for Gentiles, are the aborigines.' He appears to be the first English writer by whom the term was used; but before his time Pietro della Valle speaks of the Hindus as *gentili*, following the example of the Portuguese."—*Notes and Queries*.

THANKS AFTER READING THE GOSPEL.—This custom is observed in all the parish churches of this town, and I believe, generally throughout the county. In my own parish church the words are sung by the congregation, to the organ, ending with "Thanks be given to thee, Almighty God, for this Holy Gospel."—*Notes and Queries*.

THE Imperial direction of the theatres at Vienna, which recently directed that female dancers were to wear long, loose trousers, has just rescinded the order, as, according to the words of the decree, the said garment is "impracticable and unæsthetic."

From The Athenæum.

Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, Jacobite Ballads, &c. &c. By George W. Thornbury. With Illustrations by H. S. Marks. (Hurst and Blackett.)

DASH—clash—smash; hurly burly, helter skelter, rough and ready, hot and heady; on go Mr. Thornbury's verses, never pausing, never hesitating; like water leaping down a gorge or stones rattling over rocks, they rush and sparkle forward. Noise, of course, is no sure sign of power: the Alpine torrent out- roars the majestic river. But in these songs and ballads of the Cavaliers and Jacobites there is something more than noise and rapid motion,—though these qualities are the most obtrusive. Mr. Thornbury writes under a flux of words; the bed will not always contain the stream; the waters rage against the banks and bear away the fruit-trees. He is embarrassed with his company. He has more elephants than he can throw into procession—more bears than he can teach to dance. His wealth of rhetoric is alarming. He is a boat with too much sail, a bird with too wide wings, a car with too many horses. Mr. Thornbury seems to have all the forces of the language in his pay, without having strength to wield the fiery combatants; and his pretorians master him and get him down and dance madly over him in multitudinous mutiny. Yet under this riot and exaggeration there lies a real power; though at present it is very grievously wasted for lack of discipline.

The writer of ballads like the "Cavaliers' Muster" and "The Sally from Coventry" ought to write something far better than passable imitations of Mr. Browning's dramatic pieces—which these ballads unquestionably are.

"THE CAVALIERS' MUSTER."

"Here is Sir Reginald, gentle and true,
Courtly and bright in his silver and blue;
There is old Philip behind him as gruff,
Sturdy and grim in his orange and buff.

"Here is Bob Darcy still smoothing his hair,
For the frost dew has silvered his love-lock so fair;
And there is the blackamoor close at his back,
Laughing and patting a pottle of sack.

See how old Oliver (fie on his name!)
Opens the flag that blows out like a flame;
Up fly the swords of a dozen or two,—
Were gentlemen ever so trusty and true?

"How the brave lad with the feather of white,
Struggles and strains, yet with looks of de-
light,
At the huge sable charger his father has lent,
His red coat still drips from the flood of the
Trent.

"With careful set faces the trumpeters puff,
The drummer works hard at the drum-skin so
tough,
As the sheriff rides up, with a parchment
pulled out,
And reads as he can through the cheer and
the shout.

"Now a pull at their bridles, a word and a cry,
A frown at the earth and a smile at the sky,
A setting of cloaks, a low curse (half in
play),
And the sixty brave gentlemen gallop away."

Does not "The Sally from Coventry" recall the Ride from Ghent to Aix? We will quote it to show that if Mr. Thornbury imitates Mr. Browning, he imitates boldly and in a style not unworthy of his master.

"THE SALLY FROM COVENTRY."

"'Passion o' me!' cried Sir Richard Tyrone,
Spurning the sparks from the broad paving-
stone,
'Better turn nurse and rock children to
sleep,
Than yield to a rebel old Coventry Keep.
No, by my halidom, no one shall say,
Sir Richard Tyrone gave a city away.'

"Passion o' me! how he pulled at his beard,
Fretting and chafing if any one sneered,
Clapping his breastplate and shaking his fist,
Giving his grizzly moustachios a twist,
Running the protocol through with his steel,
Grinding the letter to mud with his heel.

"Then he roared out for a pottle of sack,
Clapped the old trumpeter twice on the back,
Leaped on his bay with a dash and a swing,
Bade all the bells in the city to ring,
And when the red flag from the steeple went
down,
Open they flung every gate in the town.

"To boot! and to horse! and away like a flood,
A fire in their eyes, and a sting in their
blood;
Hurrying out with a flash and a flare,
A roar of hot guns, a loud trumpeter's blare,
And first, sitting proud as a king on his
throne,
At the head of them all dashed Sir Richard
Tyrone.

"Crimson and yellow, and purple and dun;
Fluttering scarf, flowing bright in the sun,
Steel like a mirror on brow and on breast,
Scarlet and white on their feather and crest,
Banner that blew in a torrent of red,
Borne by Sir Richard, who rode at their head.

"The 'trumpet' went down—with a gash on his poll,
Struck by the parters of body and soul.
Forty saddles were empty: the horses ran red
With foul Puritan blood from the slashes that bled.

Curses and cries and a gnashing of teeth,
A grapple and stab on the slippery heath,
And Sir Richard leaped up on the fool that went down,
Proud as a conqueror donning his crown.

"They broke them a way through a flooding of fire,
Trampling the best blood of London to mire,
When suddenly rising a smoke and a blaze,
Made all 'the dragon's sons' stare in amaze:
'O ho!' quoth Sir Richard, 'my city grows hot,
I've left it rent paid to the villanous Scot.' "

In a different vein, and with a borrowed wisdom, runs the "Jester's Sermon," which we are also tempted to transfer to our columns.

"THE JESTER'S SERMON.

"The Jester shook his hood and bells, and leaped upon a chair,
The pages laughed, the women screamed, and tossed their scented hair;
The falcon whistled, stag-hounds bayed, the lap-dog barked without,
The scullion dropped the pitcher brown, the cook railed at the lout!
The steward, counting out his gold, let pouch and money fall,
And why? because the Jester rose to say grace in the hall!

"The page played with the heron's plume, the steward with his chain,
The butler drummed upon the board and laughed with might and main:
The grooms beat on their metal cans, and roared till they turned red,
But still the Jester shut his eyes, and rolled his witty head;
And when they grew a little still, read half a yard of text,
And waving hand, struck on the desk, then frowned like one perplexed.

"'Dear sinners all,' the fool began, 'man's life is but a jest,
A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapor at the best.

In a thousand pounds of law I find not a single ounce of love:

A blind man killed the parson's cow in shooting at the dove;

The fool that eats till he is sick must fast till he is well;

The wooer who can flatter most will bear away the bell.

"Let no man halloo he is safe till he is through the wood;
He who will not when he may, must tarry when he should.

He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very straight;

O he who once has won a name may lie a-bed till eight.

Make haste to purchase house and land, be very slow to wed;

True coral needs no painter's brush, nor need be daubed with red.

"The friar, preaching, cursed the thief (the pudding in his sleeve).

To fish for sprats with golden hooks is foolish, by your leave—

To travel well—an ass' ears, ape's face, hog's mouth, and ostrich legs.

He does not care a pin for thieves who limps about and begs.

Be always first man at a feast and last man at a fray;

The short way round, in spite of all, is still the longest way.

"When the hungry curate licks the knife there's not much for the clerk;

When the pilot, turning pale and sick, looks up—the storm grows dark.'

Then loud they laughed, the fat cook's tears ran down into the pan;

The steward shook, that he was forced to drop the brimming can;

And then again the women screamed, and every stag-hound bayed—

And why? because the motley fool so wise a sermon made!"

Enough is now quoted to show the reader what kind of minstrel is knocking at the gate for leave to enter with his fife and kettle-drum. Those who love picture, life, and costume in song will here find what they love. Seekers of the sentimental, the pathetic, the ideal, and the mystic must be warned to look elsewhere.

FEMALES AT VESTRIES.—As appears from the vestry book (now before me) of the parish of Booterstown, in the county of Dublin "Mrs. Easterby" and "Miss Kells" were present at the vestry held on Easter Monday, April 7,

1828. Can females legally vote upon such occasions? and has it been customary for them to do so elsewhere? Females do not appear to have attended any other vestry in Booterstown.

—Notes and Queries.

STORY OF A GRAVE.

HERE, while yon sunset's golden overflow
Touches the churchyard with its dream of
Heaven,
Rest on this grave beneath the solemn glow,
The grave, the garden where my heart hath
striven
To plant its hopes, that hence their trailing
flowers
Might climb to color in celestial bowers.
Here sleeps my only son : this grave's sad
length
Tells thee that death no dreaming babe be-
guil'd,—
A stately man in stature and in strength,
Only in tenderness to me a child.
How well that tenderness my heart supplied
I knew but by its craving when he died.
But still it feels the thrill of its old joy
When friends rare genius in the babe fore-
told,
Or said the strange, sweet fancies of the boy,
Rich as red rose-leaves, hid a heart of gold;
And when his life fulfill'd the prophecy,
My dear, dear child, he gave the praise to
me.
Ah, Hope's bright name to me seem'd written
o'er
Each grave book gather'd from his father's
toil,
While greedily I learn'd their ancient lore
To drop it softly on my precious soil.
Hope lighted up the glorious path he tried,
And wise men mark'd his steps, and then he
died.
Had I no triumph when great spirits caught
Fire from the kindling of his soul-lit eye?
I, who had seen its first, soft, glimmering
thought
Like a star trembling in a dewy sky?
Watch'd the first rapture of its childish glance
At fairy-tale, and poem, and romance.
Eyes true and clear, as when at morn and even
They fill'd with baby-worship at my knee,—
O, 'twas the earnest of an early heaven.
The Eden-dew of pure simplicity
Upon my pleasant plant was never dried.
God gather'd it, and mortals said he died.
I taught him first the beautiful to see,
Folded in flowers, glowing in green leaves;
Touch'd him with moonlight and cloud scenery,
Pour'd the soft purple of still summer eves
Over his fancy in its young fresh glow;
But, O ! the beauty mirror'd in it now !
He was a poet born, and his last dream
Now sweeps its noble music through the land;
And yet how dear the charmed verses seem,
Penn'd to his mother by his boyish hand.
Love sings his life-song with unbroken pride;
Alas ! with this refrain, he died, he died !
And still to me his room is holy ground,
There hang his paintings as in days gone
past,

There all his instruments of lovely sound,
His books—one open where he read it last !
And in the window stand his desk and chair :
I sometimes fancy that he too is there.
But I should tell thee, in his spirit's shrine,
Was one to whom his inmost self had grown,
Through whose poor mind he pour'd his
thoughts like wine,
And deem'd their colored beauty all her own.
I almost grudg'd him to that fond, young
bride,—
O ! I repented sorely when he died !
Fondness—it perished in the grave's chill air,
Frail as the feathers of a butterfly;
She was so young, so exquisitely fair,
Perhaps 'twas natural that her love should
die,
She wedded soon, that gave him back to me,
Yet I was jealous for his memory.
And thus his young, heroic life was shed,—
His only foe was drowning in his sight,
He saved him, then went weary to his bed,
Nor rose from that triumphant woeful night.
My gallant boy ! his virtues high were tried,
Thank God, he finch'd not, though he therefore
died.
His father, 'neath that grief hath fail'd so fast,
Since then, his hair, but not with age, is
white;
Mine, at the moment when the spirit pass'd,
Turn'd iron-gray, as with some sudden
blight,
When to the silent lips my own I press'd,
And hunger'd for one breath, and felt his rest.
My coming loss God show'd me tenderly,
A little daughter in my heart he set,
Few years before it wept its broken tree.
I saw not in my half-shut violet
How large the mercy its fresh leaves could hide,
Nor felt the gentle warning till he died.
But well I know he died to realize
The holy beauty of his high-wrought dream;
Yea, in my soul, I see his star-like eyes
Burn with some glorious spiritual theme;
Nor think his aspirations high were given
To flutter here and fold their wings in heaven.
To him that marble did his townsmen rear :
And showing whence he caught poetic fire,
See how the grand, serene Archangel there
Casts down the wreath but carries up the
lyre;
And I, I planted on the sacred spot
The weeping willow and forget-me-not.
The blessings of the poor fall over it,
And fresh wild flowers from childish fingers
rain;
Here oft his father and his sister sit
With me, and talk him back to us again,
Knowing there is a rest that doth abide,
Where we shall soon forget that he hath died.
—Household Words.